SPECIAL GIFT FOR REGULAR READERS. *See page iii of cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXI. No. 567 | SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

PEACE AT ANY MOMENT

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

"One of the most im-
"portant foods in the
"National cupboard."
—*Truth.*

Babies thrive wonderfully on NESTLE'S MILK. They give no trouble; are free from peevishness and irritability—they enjoy undisturbed and healthy sleep, and always wake fresh, smiling, and happy.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

has a world-wide reputation for absolute purity, and has reared hundreds of thousands of the healthiest children in the Country.

Of all Grocers and Stores and Boots' Cash Chemists.

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OLD CALABAR

"PECKO" POULTRY MIXTURE
to be given on the dry litter during the day.
POULTRY MEALS AND "LAON"
Scalded and served crumbly moist for the warm evening meal.
Samples and Booklet free from the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool.

MAZDA
DRAWN-WIRE
ELECTRIC LAMPS
are manufactured

in England at Rugby by The British Thomson-Houston Co. of the finest quality materials for every lighting condition to give the greatest brilliancy for the lowest cost in current.

From every point of view there are no more desirable lamps than Mazda. Use them exclusively and secure the best lighting results.

Obtainable of all Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores.

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Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.
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Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

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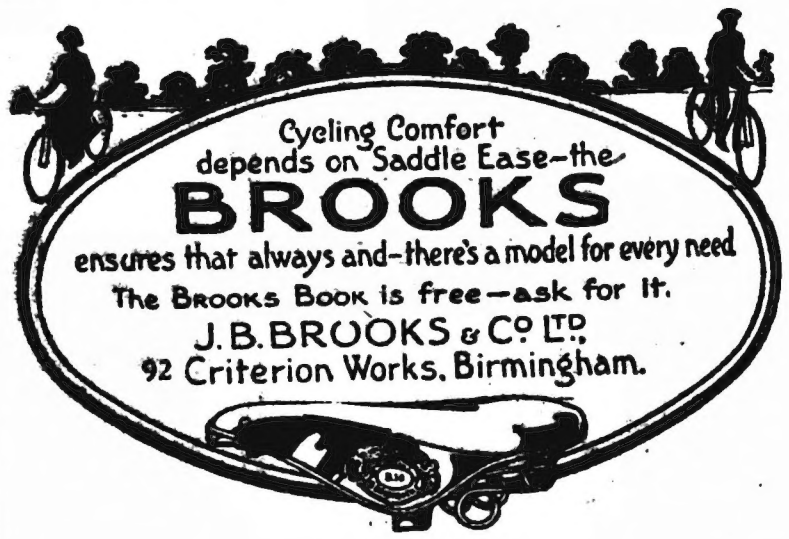
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ensures that always and—there's a model for every need
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Write for Patterns of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Genuine Furs, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.
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The ONLY AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROLLED DIE CASTING MACHINE on the world's market for bearing metals, lead, zinc, etc.

Sole Makers and Patentees
MONOMETER FURNACES,
ASTON. *Sole Makers and Patentees.* BIRMINGHAM.

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 18.

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Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
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"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Kaiser.

Of course the Kaiser is dying—we told you that some months ago. But it isn't Bright's disease. It's cancer and brain trouble—about as bad a combination of complaints as is possible. Heaven is just, you see. Poor Devil!

Watch Bulgaria.

Signs are not lacking that the Russian revolution, the Bagdad business, the advent of America, and the weakening in the West, are having their effect. Bulgaria may well prove to be the weakest link in the chain with which the Kaiser seeks to bind Europe.

One for America.

If it be true, as stated, that already five thousand industrial establishments have agreed to supply the needs of the United States Government at practically cost price, our Government contractors—who have been bleeding the country white since the war began—should blush for shame. But blushing is probably the one thing a Government contractor could not undertake to do.

Good News.

One of the first results of America's intervention is that many millions of quarters of wheat will soon be over here. So perhaps, after all, our bread will *not* "cost us more"; but, all the same, there is every reason for care and economy. Don't eat more than you need! Bread means bullets. And with gold, and credit—not less important—and ships, surely now we "shan't be long"!

The Traitor Princes.

Once more we warn our readers that trickery and foul play are at work behind the Bill which the Government were *forced* by public opinion to introduce. *Must we repeat the Garter-Banner threat?* Again we ask—Whose is the Hidden Hand?

Flour and Cotton.

Is it the fact that at certain mills flour is being used in connection with china clay for "filling" cotton goods? Perhaps Lord Devonport will make inquiries.

A Correction.

It may be merely a matter of sentiment, but there is a phrase which never fails to gall us whenever we come across it—and that is, the description of one of our Tommies as "a common soldier." We certainly know that a "private" soldier is meant, but why not say so?

A Little "Flutter."

The "Halakite" affair gets more and more mysterious. The only apparently certain thing appears to be that there was undoubtedly a "Kite" in the business.

His Kingdom.

The other day a Birmingham Object was exempted because he "was not of this world—it was not his kingdom"! He ought to have been put in the firing line, and sent to Kingdom Come.

Food Economy.

We have reason to believe that the opinion Mr. Kennedy Jones has already formed in regard to this vital question is that it is upon breadstuffs that we must mainly economise. "If we save the bread, it will save us," he recently remarked. At any rate, it is pretty certain that he will not be long in putting his finger on the right spot.

Those Substitutes.

It is a pity the Press will persist in suggesting substitutes for the various articles of food of which there is a shortage, because directly this is done up goes the price of the substitute. No doubt the papers mean well, but the people may be trusted to find these things out for themselves.

Education!

There is no getting away from it—we are a wonderful people. In the throes of a gigantic war, which is costing us over forty millions a week, a Departmental Committee on juvenile "education" calmly recommends reforms which will require an additional annual expenditure of ten millions! And *what* education!

Our New M.P.s.

Travelling a good deal in the train of late, we have been amusing ourselves with a new game. We get into conversation with our companions, ascertain where they live, and then ask the name of the local M.P. And scarcely one of them can tell us! That is how, in the words of Mr. Asquith, the House of Commons represents "the considered judgment of the nation"!

A Word with Mr. Balfour.

Very little attention seems to have been paid to the fact that, according to the Swedish newspapers, the body of the late Commander Loftus Jones, of the destroyer *Shark*, recently awarded the posthumous honour of the Victoria Cross for conspicuous valour in the Battle of Jutland, was interred in a Swedish churchyard in the same grave with a dead German sailor. Is the British Foreign Office powerless to prevent such dishonour to our gallant dead?

Are you prepared for the next Zepp. Raid? See page iii. of Cover.

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Much for Little.

The Stroud Educational Foundation want a man and wife as caretakers at a girls' school. The man must clean the school, keep the grounds in order, attend to heating apparatus, and obey the Governors and Head Mistress. The wife must clean the school, cook such meals as are provided there, and also obey the bosses. The salary—for two—will be 30s., with a whole 3s. weekly for war bonus, "without house." The pair who secure that job will not get fat on it.

Hollow-Ground.

Up till quite recently there were but few Britons actually hollow-grinding razors; the work was in the hands of Germans. We are told that in London now there are only two engaged in it. They are making a most gallant effort to capture a big German trade, which extends also to the grinding of surgical instruments. In these circumstances, it is disconcerting to learn that German artificers are now let out from an internment camp to carry on a London business of the kind. Such competition is as unfair as it is short-sighted.

A Gunner's Offer.

A man who is anxious to get behind a gun tells us he is technically deemed "unfit," because he has what is commonly termed a "gammy" leg. He has been Naval Chief Petty Officer, First-class Seaman Gunner, and Torpedo Instructor. He has constantly volunteered, but his straight leg bars him. But he guarantees his efficiency and ability—and says that if any skipper will take him, he is prepared to prove his worth by going one trip for "food and 'baccy, and a corner to lie down when outside the U-zone"! That sounds fair.

Prices and Pay.

When food prices, etc., go up, the workers feel the pinch, and demand more wages—quite naturally. When some Department gives them a rise, up go the prices again, just so that the profiteers shall collar the increase. And so on, and so on. It is the game of "Pull devil, Pull baker"—more money to make ends meet, and then widen the ends to gather in the money. Meanwhile, Tommy gets his shilling a day—and no increase. There is 5s. a week more for the dockers at Portsmouth, and soldiers' wives on 12s. 6d. a week are dreading the jump of prices.

That Mis-Representative.

Hebburn has redeemed itself. Readers will remember our paragraph about a Miners' Representative who declared he was "proud to be a Conscientious Objector." The miners did not share his pride. They remembered their brothers and their sons, serving the country in many thousands. They passed a resolution refusing to work with the Objects, and called upon their "representative" to resign his position. The management at the colliery has accordingly decided to dismiss a couple of Objects, and Hebburn will be all the sweeter for their absence. Our felicitations to a firm, fine body of real men!

Luxury Run Mad.

Munition girls, conductresses, and soldiers' wives—all the women accused of "extravagance" in the spending of their enormous incomes—can find some cheap bargains, really economical, at a fur store in Bayswater. The catalogue is an amazing production. Scores of fur-sets are priced, some as cheap as 25 guineas, but the careful housewife can obtain a sable coat at the low sale price of 980 guineas only. The "winter price" was 1,500 guineas—so the coat is a rare catch for some soldier's wife who does not waste her allotment money. We know that luxury is taboo nowadays, but such a catalogue makes us wince.

Are your Wife and Daughter trying for one of the wonderful gifts offered in "Everywoman's"?

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Up till quite recently there were but few Britons actually hollow-grinding razors; the work was in the hands of Germans. We are told that in London now there are only two engaged in it. They are making a most gallant effort to capture a big German trade, which extends also to the grinding of surgical instruments. In these circumstances, it is disconcerting to learn that German artificers are now let out from an internment camp to carry on a London business of the kind. Such competition is as unfair as it is short-sighted.

A Gunner's Offer.

A man who is anxious to get behind a gun tells us he is technically deemed "unfit," because he has what is commonly termed a "gammy" leg. He has been Naval Chief Petty Officer, First-class Seaman Gunner, and Torpedo Instructor. He has constantly volunteered, but his straight leg bars him. But he guarantees his efficiency and ability—and says that if any skipper will take him, he is prepared to prove his worth by going one trip for "food and 'baccy, and a corner to lie down when outside the U-zone"! That sounds fair.

Prices and Pay.

When food prices, etc., go up, the workers feel the pinch, and demand more wages—quite naturally. When some Department gives them a rise, up go the prices again, just so that the profiteers shall collar the increase. And so on, and so on. It is the game of "Pull devil, Pull baker"—more money to make ends meet, and then widen the ends to gather in the money. Meanwhile, Tommy gets his shilling a day—and no increase. There is 5s. a week more for the dockers at Portsmouth, and soldiers' wives on 12s. 6d. a week are dreading the jump of prices.

That Mis-Representative.

Hebburn has redeemed itself. Readers will remember our paragraph about a Miners' Representative who declared he was "proud to be a Conscientious Objector." The miners did not share his pride. They remembered their brothers and their sons, serving the country in many thousands. They passed a resolution refusing to work with the Objects, and called upon their "representative" to resign his position. The management at the colliery has accordingly decided to dismiss a couple of Objects, and Hebburn will be all the sweeter for their absence. Our felicitations to a firm, fine body of real men!

Luxury Run Mad.

Munition girls, conductresses, and soldiers' wives—all the women accused of "extravagance" in the spending of their enormous incomes—can find some cheap bargains, really economical, at a fur store in Bayswater. The catalogue is an amazing production. Scores of fur-sets are priced, some as cheap as 25 guineas, but the careful housewife can obtain a sable coat at the low sale price of 980 guineas only. The "winter price" was 1,500 guineas—so the coat is a rare catch for some soldier's wife who does not waste her allotment money. We know that luxury is taboo nowadays, but such a catalogue makes us wince.

Are your Wife and Daughter trying for one of the wonderful gifts offered in "Everywoman's"?

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DON'T BE A BREAD HOG.

GIVE THE "STAFF OF LIFE" TO THE WORKER.

By Charles Palmer.

THERE are still to be found people who believe that all that is said and written about a shortage of food is politicians' nonsense. I have no love for the politician, but I know from information placed at my disposal by the highest quarters that the situation is grave without being startling. What I mean is this: that we can, in the very literal sense, maintain the stomach of the nation if each of us plays the patriot part and does everything possible to conform to the wishes of those in authority. We have had some very stupid rules and regulations. The Food Controller has floundered in many ways, and the Runciman nonsense has taken a good deal of beating. But I believe it has been finally knocked on the head, and that to-day the Department mainly concerned with the important duty of seeing that the People are adequately fed, while our sailors are scotching the submarines and our soldiers are defeating the Hun in the field, is alive to the realities of the problem, and is endeavouring to carry out its task on businesslike and common-sense lines. If this were the time, what a lesson might be drawn from the perils of our present position—what a bludgeon could be found wherewith to beat those empty-pated politicians who refused to see the need, in days of peace, of increasing our home-grown food supply, and lacked the vision to realise the danger of depending so largely on sea-borne wheat and meat!

Fighting the Enemy.

But to-day we are faced with the truth—and the truth is a terrible slap in the eye to the theorists. You can talk by the hour about the rules of economics and the laws of supply and demand. You cannot alter this cardinal and overwhelming fact—that we have not enough ships to bring to these shores all the food we need, and that the submarine is doing its best to sink those that do brave the seas laden with food for ourselves and our armies. What irony it is that, while our men are fighting, those of us who are forced to stay at home are engaged in a battle with the enemy equally vital, equally pregnant with possibilities and with results. We used to be told that nothing could affect us so long as we had our wonderful Navy, and that in war-time we could act just as in peace time. Well, it is no reflection on our gallant sailors and our wonderful Fleets that we are to-day joined in a very real sense in the fight against the Hun. You know where lies the responsibility. What concerns us here and now is to become loyal soldiers in the great food fight. Germany hopes—if she can hold on in the West and can withstand, even in part, the constant pressure of the Allied armies—that with the merciless use of the submarine the food which ought to reach our coast will rot at the bottom of the sea, and that we, like her, will under the stress of impending starvation be forced to a compromise instead of a dictated peace. Germany is wrong; once again the Hun has miscalculated. We have only to act reasonably, to eat reasonably, and to conform to the regulations, either voluntary or compulsory, and when Germany is starving and defeated Great Britain will be winning victory on a well-filled stomach.

The "Staff of Life."

Not being a food specialist—I have a holy horror of regarding everything I eat from the point of view of how much "good" it will do me, rather than how much pleasure it will afford to the palate—I do not propose to go into calculations as to the value of this or that article of food. But what I do want to make plain is that, in the most literal sense, bread is "the staff of life," and that if all of us—the rich as well as the poor, the middle-class and the aristocrat—will realise the tremendous value to-day of bread and wheat—of cereals generally, such as rice, barley, oats and maize—then we shall ourselves order our eating according to the part we are playing in muscular effort towards winning the war. Bread makes brawn—makes the muscle and the sinew, the power and the energy which are needed for the fighter and the factory hand, for the man who wields the hammer and the woman who toils at munitions. Some of us give out very little muscular energy in our daily work. We are of the type that can forgo bread, so that those who need it most can have most of it. The scientist is able to tell us how much work-producing power various kinds of food possess, and (would you believe it?) that wheat-bread—none of us is getting the real thing just now—supplies between six and seven times the work-producing power of all the other cereals put together—oatmeal, barley meal, sago, tapioca, maize and rice. That will show you the importance of wheat, and the need for doing everything possible to maintain the supply of good bread for those who need it in the victory months that are in front of us.

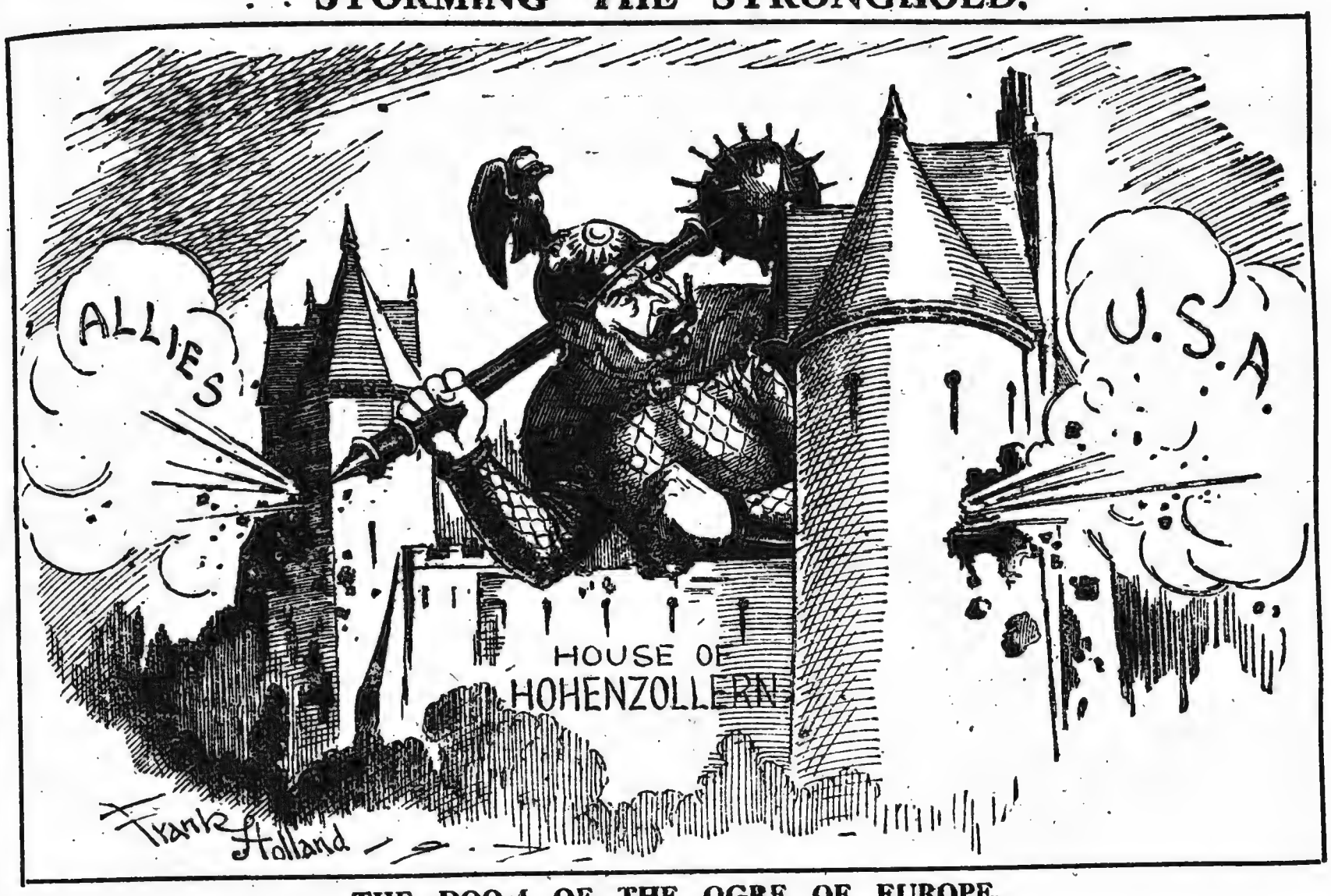
Some Food Values.

Just one or two figures will be of interest; they show the position at a glance: Whereas bread provides 30 per cent. of energy and work-producing power, meat (that is, beef, mutton, pork and bacon, poultry and game) furnishes 18 per cent. only, milk, butter and cheese still less, sugar 13 per cent., potatoes (of which we have heard so much of late) 8 per cent. only, and fish and fruit 12 per cent. So you see that, compared with cereals and meat, all the other items in the national larder are comparatively unimportant. But the value of bread is immensely greater than meat to those who work with their bodily strength. It has twice as much power in it. Therefore, those who are poorly off and those who are doing the labour of the country that the war may be continued to the day of triumph, must have the bread—all of it, if necessary; certainly as much of it as possible. It is calculated that in ordinary times everyone consumes flour equal to 5¼ lbs. of bread a week, and that in the ordinary working-class family the average is as high as 10 lbs. per head—that is, five half-quartern loaves—while a considerable number of working men consume individually as much as seven half-quartern loaves a week.

If the Necessity Arose.

Now, if those figures are accurate—and I know they have been most carefully compiled by experts—it is easy to understand the importance of the wheat supply, and the vital need for taking every possible step to ensure that bread shall go to those who need it most, and that if the necessity arose the rest of us should have little or none at all. I read the other day a rather highly-coloured suggestion that those who could afford it would best be assisting the national position by making their breakfast off cold grouse and hothouse peaches. That is the kind of extravagant statement that defeats itself by exaggeration. But there is truth hidden behind—and that is that the worker and the poor must have bread, and in full quantities, and some beef and mutton, while those who can afford other and dearer foods should buy them and eat them. Don't be a bread hog! We who can get other food are hogs if we eat more than the smallest quantity of bread. Bread may, in the end, win the war. Wheat may become more precious than gold; as important as shot and shell. Keep the "staff of life" for those who must be muscular and strong, and when victory comes the rest of us can eat bread till we burst! Bread just now is as vital as bullets!

STORMING THE STRONGHOLD.



THE DOOM OF THE OGRE OF EUROPE.

CAUGHT AT LAST!

A GOOD SENTENCE FOR A BAD SCOUNDREL.

It is a long, long trail that has no ending. At last William Haddon, the Tipton trickster, has met his deserts. As far back as 7th March, 1914, we stated that we should be very pleased to place at the disposal of any prosecutor our numerous and damning documents relating to Haddon's. His stock-in-trade was a collection of trashy stationery and postcards, which were sent, entirely unsolicited, to shopkeepers in the country. The recipients of this unwelcome attention usually wrote repudiating liability and requesting that the goods be removed, or else sent them back precipitately. In either event, Haddon lay low for a few weeks and then despatched a letter such as the following:—

> The matter is in the hands of our solicitors to issue a summons, which you will receive in a few days. We are not going to accept goods back after keeping them all this time.

Then would come from him a fusilade of menaces of civil and even criminal proceedings. In the case of sub-postmasters—whom Haddon marked down as his especial prey—he frequently threatened to report them to their superior officers, besides saying that he would obtain their inclusion in a black list which—of course mendaciously—he stated he was compiling for the organ of their particular calling. On being arrested by the Staffordshire police on nine charges of obtaining money by false pretences, a copy of the old issue of this journal in which we offered our assistance to bring him to justice was found on the premises. A telegram was therefore despatched to us, our documentary evidence sent by passenger train—and the result is that, on April 3rd, at the Staffordshire Quarter Sessions, Haddon was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, the Superintendent of Police subsequently writing cordially thanking us for the valuable assistance rendered. We hope this salutary lesson will not be lost upon some of the other habitual rascals against whom we are frequently called upon to warn the public.

"FULL WEIGHT, OVER PAY."

ANOTHER ROW ABOUT THE STAFF OF LIFE.

A gentleman named Thomson, of Milngavie, who presumably wears the white flour of a blameless life, is angry with us for suggesting that bakers must be doing somewhat well out of the shilling loaf. "I am a baker," he says, "and I can safely say I don't know a baker who has been making ends meet for at least the last six months. Flour, sir, has risen over 300 per cent." All we have to say, in reply to Mr. Thomson and his unfortunate brethren, is that—when last heard of—the representative of the Food Controller in the House of Commons did not agree that there was any justification for a shilling loaf, and we don't believe he would tell a fib; rather indeed would we believe that if it were worth a shilling he would frame a regulation the effect of which would be to make it 1s. 2d. And, in solemn and sober truth, this is the price to which the bakers of Blackpool have put up the loaf in anticipation of that blessed consummation. They didn't ask the Food Controller; they just met in a corner, and it was so. We are asked to publish numerous and varied curses about this proceeding, but we know how to keep our place as a respectable family paper, thank you. No doubt Blackpool bakers are prepared to make a solemn affidavit before the Food Controller that they haven't made a penny piece since the beginning of the war, notwithstanding the favourable weather—and the betting is about a pound of tea wrapping to a grain of invisible sugar that in such case he would believe them and legislate accordingly. "In Scotland," a Scottish lassie in Blackpool confides to us, "the 4lb. loaf just now is 11d. I know that in pure robbery the English shopkeeper could give any Scottie points." We are greatly surprised, for it has always been rumoured that on his native heath the Scotsman is invincible. Lord Devonport ought to appoint a Commission to decide the point. Meanwhile, we await—with apprehension—the result of the promised fixing of the price of the loaf.

ARE THE GALLOWS READY?

EXPIATION MUST BE THE FIRST TERM OF PEACE IN THIS WAR.

By Theodore Dahle.

IN that noble declaration to the American Senate by which he at last sweeps aside by a mighty onrush of great ideals and splendid purposes all his vacillations and hesitations, and stands forth panoplied for war against the Germhun regime of despotic barbarity and tyrannical infamy in the world, President Wilson speaks of the sinking of hospital ships by the specific orders of the German Admiralty. "Even hospital ships—ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with a safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity—were sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion." The latest of these ships to fall victim to this unspeakable crime against the laws of humanity is the *Asturias*, and the British Government announce they will not repeat their previous warnings as to reprisals but will "proceed to such measures as will, perhaps, bring home to the German Government some realisation of its infamy." What those measures may be or whether they are being now enforced, I do not know. If they are being enforced they are a Government secret, for nobody outside the Admiralty has yet heard anything about them. If the son of Tirpitz, and other Germhun naval officers and U-boat commanders at present in this country, have been called from their champagne, cigars, billiards, and cushions to occupy quarters aboard British ships sailing the ocean highways, then it may be that sooner or later reprisals will materialise in some of those instruments of Potsdammery being sent to the bottom of the sea. Such is the providence of Nature that even a bad Germhun may be converted into an excellent fish. In that form I would not mind eating some of him myself. From time to time Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and other members of the British Ministries have, in all solemnity, pledged themselves that the authors of the long list of Teutonic crimes against humanity and civilisation, so far as they can be discovered, shall be held to strict personal accountability. I ask, here and now, are the gallows ready, or has the need for them been forgotten even before they are erected? My memory of their necessity has been refreshed not by the *Asturias* only.

Look on this Picture.

But even if all the Germhun diabolism in France and Belgium in the early days of the Teutonic onrush had faded from my remembrance—even if Zeppelinism and submarineism had passed out of mind as a bad dream passes away before eyes awakened to the golden hues of morning, I should still see stretched out before me that devastated landscape over which the Germhun hordes have trod with their faces to the Rhine. That vista of enslaved and terrorised populations; of towns and villages deliberately laid in ruins; of little homes, where the Germhun soldiers have enforced their billets and even enforced their lust, burned to the ground with such devilish thoroughness that in Bapaume not one has escaped intact; of orchard trees slashed and maimed, root and branch, so that they should bear no more; of wells poisoned with arsenic or choked with obscene filth; of vile inscriptions on cherished photographs and personal treasures made in the excreta of the foul fiends wreaking their desperate spleen on a land they had to leave at the run—I say that vista remains with me as a vivid scene of devastation and horror and ruthless pitilessness amid which, with my own hands, I should like to get the gallows ready for the long file of Potsdam miscreants, with at the head of them the two Hohenzollerns, who by all the rules of justice ought to meet their doom there. The doom of the Hohenzollerns and the leaders round them who have willed and planned these Attilan savageries, relentless as remorseless, ought to be on the scaffolds of an avenging justice. There the Hohenzollerns ought to die because they are not fit to live. Doubtless, the heads of the British Government—Mr. Lloyd George among the first—will say that I am too previous. I am well aware that before you can impose conditions of peace you must win the war, and that before you hang you must take. Still I ask, are the gallows ready? I say that the British and Allied peoples want to see them, and want the Germhuns to see them, and to see them now. The tyrant of Potsdam would indeed tremble in the fear of God if, looking back in his retreat towards the Rhine, he could see British and French and Italian and American workmen erecting the scaffolds on which he and his son were destined to pass, blood-stained and blood-guilty to the soul, into the abysses of their purgatorial hell. There is no reason why we should not have the gallows ready before we constitute to try them the Allies' High Court of Justice which is the recent proposal in the French Chamber of M. Ignace, Deputy of the Seine. "Retribution for all these atrocities," he said in his motion, "will come as sure as fate, and will be terrible; but that will not be enough. We shall require also that those who committed, who ordered them to be committed, or allowed them to be committed, must suffer personal punishment.

High Court of the Allies.

"We must at once lay the foundation of a High Court of the Allies which will immediately collect evidence, and which will be ready to sit at the cessation of hostilities. The first paragraph of the peace preliminaries must enact that all persons accused by the High Court must be delivered up to it for trial." As, in fact, the British Government have not yet approached their Allies for the erection of the scaffolds, I shall ask what they are doing to assist in the constitution of this High Court of Justice, and what steps they are taking to assist the court with evidence as to the personal responsibility of those whom they propose to indict at its bar. You remember the passage in the *French Revolution* in which Carlyle describes the public protestations against any trial at all for Louis XVI., white-souled beside the bloody Hohenzollern: "What, try Louis Capet?" scornfully ejaculates Patriotism. "Mean criminals go to the gallows for a purse cut, and this chief criminal guilty of a France cut—of a France slashed asunder with Clotho-scissors, with his victims, twelve hundred on the Tenth of August alone, lying low in the Catacombs, fattening the passes of Argonne Wood, of Valmy, and far fields; he, such chief criminal, shall not come even to the bar." So, without any Court of Judgment, is the chief Hohenzollern judged already; so judged, we can make no peace with him or with any Hohenzollern. Civilised humanity has declared him outlaw and sentenced him to death. The other chief inangurators and organisers of this world-shambles may be more difficult to track down. The names of one or two we know. Zeppelin has gone to hell; there let him earn his salvation if he can. Many others have earned rope enough, and we must get the indictment individually home that they may be rewarded, each according to his merit. Supreme justice will never be done in the world, or for the world, till this is accomplished. Expiation is an essential term of peace in this war; the scaffolds of justice are needed after this war as an essential satisfaction of righteous judgment. Let us see they are not forgotten.

AN ARSENAL MYSTERY.

HEALTHY WORKMAN'S SUDDEN DEATH.

An element of mystery seems to attach to the recent death of a plumber, an apparently healthy man of 44, employed at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich. The wife of the deceased man received a telegram from the Arsenal stating that her husband had suddenly been taken ill and requesting her to come and see him. Arriving at Woolwich, she found that he had been removed to the Arsenal Hospital, where he was lying in a critical condition. The poor fellow was unable to speak distinctly; but from his signs in reply to her inquiries and from the condition of his clothing—the sole of his left boot (one of a new pair) was torn, as was the left side of his waistcoat—the wife was led to infer that an accident had occurred contributing to his fatal collapse, and from our own independent survey of the facts we are bound to agree that she had substantial ground for this belief. However, the Arsenal authorities resisted the suggestion of accident; although, as we say, the man had for many years been free from illness of any kind, his death was certified by the hospital doctor to have been due to natural causes—a view of the matter which, upon the evidence before us, we find it difficult to accept. In these circumstances, the Arsenal people have now declined to pay any sort of compensation to the widow or even to assist with the funeral expenses, and, but for a timely grant from our "Greatest of These—" Fund, the poor woman would have been reduced to the direst straits. It is in urgent cases of this kind, where immediate help is imperative, that this Fund is of the greatest value; but in the present instance we feel that we have a further duty to perform. Can any worker at the Arsenal help us to establish the true facts of this man's untimely death, or will the Arsenal authorities direct an Inquiry on their own account?

THE INDIAN HAIR HUNTER.

MORE ABOUT THE SCALP PINCHER OF PERCY STREET.

Just lately we dealt with the guileful gush of John Hart Brittain, the scalp-pincher of Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road. He is the man who sends out a tiny "sample" for sixpence of his "hair elixir," as compounded by the Cherokees and vended by Cheek, and then performs the Oliver Twist act and asks for more—12s. 6d. for a full supply. One of our readers, disappointed in his sixpennyworth, made John a sporting offer. He undertook, on receipt of the full treatment, to obey the instructions and, if the result was the growth of hair, to pay double the price asked—25s. But John wasn't having any. "I am not taking any sporting offers and suggest that you send your order in the ordinary way with remittance. When you have observed the pleasing result you will laugh." Our reader did not send any remittance; perhaps that is why he is still smiling. "There are no bald Indians," says Mr. Brittain. True, we do not remember to have seen a bald Indian; neither have we seen a dead donkey—but donkeys *do* die. John Hart Brittain rather astonished another reader, who, discontented with his sixpenny sample, failed to send any more money. John was reluctant to let him go unscalped, so posted him a circular printed to look like a letter. "Do you believe in fortune telling? I predict many good things for you in the future. You are intelligent. You are ambitious. You are a thinker. You are desirous of appearing smart and attractive. . . *So you must win.* . . Your intention is to obtain a full growth of handsome hair so that it will help you in your general progress. . . *You will win.* . . There are men earning between £20 and £50 weekly. You are just as much entitled to earn the high income as they are—don't forget this." So John tells fortunes, grows wool on pinched scalps, and promises £50 a week—all for 12s. 6d. His florid fountain of pretty prospects runs on for many paragraphs, but we have room for little more, funny as they are. But this is a closing gem:—"I tell you frankly, if I do not receive your reply to this letter, I shall be very much disappointed." John, telling fortunes, might have known he was foredoomed to sorrow, for he failed to touch. Our reader did not reply. He sent no 12s. 6d., being content to 'ware the wares of John. They won't wash clothes.

TRUE METAL.

GIRL'S ADVENTURE WITH BLAZING SHELL.

At the time of the terrible explosion in East London, it was suggested that a special medal should be struck for munition workers, men and women, who at moments of danger had displayed conspicuous heroism. If ever such a decoration is devised—and we again commend the proposal to the notice of the Government—inquiry should be directed to the facts of a case reported from a shell-factory in the Midlands, where a minor explosion recently occurred. Although, of course, it is impossible to enter closely into the details of such events, we are informed that on this occasion many lives were saved, and extensive damage averted, by the bravery of a 15 year-old girl, the youngest worker in the factory, who seems at the critical moment to have retained her courage and presence of mind in a most remarkable degree. The trouble arose from a small shell being fired by the sudden ignition of a fuse, the scene of the mishap being within a few yards of a stock of unfinished fuses filled with powder; a situation of deadly peril, but for the timely action of the little heroine whose conduct is thus described by an eye-witness: "The burning mass alight and in flames dropped out of her hands, and fell to the ground, whereupon she again seized it, in hands burned and bleeding, ran to the door, threw it outside, and kicked it away from the building." But for this heroic action, it is quite possible that the neighbouring mass of explosive material might have been fired, with terrible consequences to the assembled workers. By a miracle, the child escaped serious injury, and we now learn that the employers have presented their plucky little workwoman with a nice testimonial, recording her courageous action. Perhaps, some day, they may see their way to present her, at no great cost, with a frame to put it in.

COLD BILLETS.

SHARP LESSON FOR A SURLY PUBLICAN.

At the Bath City Police Court, where Alfred John Tanner, licensee of the "Full Moon" Hotel was charged, the evidence certainly pointed to a very grave breach of the billeting regulations, to say nothing of the duty incumbent upon every citizen to care for the comfort of his Majesty's troops. By the police the matter was put rather strongly; the landlord when challenged had replied, "I don't care. I shall not do it. I should not do it for the King. I will put up with the consequence, whatever it is." At the Police Court the accused had no excuse to offer beyond a very few verbal quibbles. He had not "refused" to find a fire, but had merely "complained" at the request. Moreover, the soldiers had not asked for a fire, but had "simply said that they had some meat which they wanted to cook." However, the Bench had no time for such foolish trifling, and they fined the defendant £5. It is but fair to add that the conduct of the publican in this case is in marked contrast with the general attitude of licensed victuallers towards the troops.

ALEXANDER THE LITTLE.

MONEY FOR NOTHING AT HAMPSTEAD.

Now that the Registration of Business Names Act is in regular operation, and traders subject to its provisions duly enrolled, Mr. Henry Alexander, of 15, Reynolds Close, Hampstead, may find himself, like Othello, "without an occupation." It was quite a happy idea of Mr. Alexander's to send round a neatly worded circular to firms likely to be interested, stating his readiness "to carry out your registration and pay the stamp duty for an inclusive fee of 15s." Now, since the revenue stamp on the registration form costs only 5s., while the postage in a single case would scarcely have amounted to more than a penny, it is obvious that on these terms the enterprising agent stood to make quite a handsome profit on each transaction. Moreover, the required forms being obtainable from any Post Office for the asking, the only labour falling to Mr. Alexander was the copying on to them of particulars furnished, and then lodging the document—labours very fairly remunerated at 9s. 11d. a time!

SAVE THE MEN WHO SAVED US!

INGRATITUDE IS THE BASEST CRIME IN THE BOOK OF FRAILTY.

By A. G. Hales.

PLACE the two following statements side by side, and let them burn into your brain—for both are true; both have been proven up to the hilt; neither can be challenged or contradicted. The first hideous fact I mean to draw sharp and immediate attention to is this—*Sixty-five thousand British soldiers, broken in our wars, have been invalided out of the Army without pensions or assistance!* I would not treat a dog like that, neither would anybody else worth calling a man—it is from such foul deeds as this that the seeds of revolution spring. Now take the second fact, and study it side by side with the first. Here it is, naked and unashamed: The British Government drew in taxation the sum of one hundred and forty million pounds sterling from *Excess Profits* made by Britishers out of their own people during the present war! The Huns who pillaged from Northern France and Belgium were, and are, foul beasts; but they had this excuse—they were robbing their enemies. Our British pillagers have no such excuse—they plundered their own people; they despoiled their own flesh and blood. It was robbery within the law—but none the less robbery; the Government knew and admitted it—else why describe the tax as a tax on excess profits? The spoilers of their own people have been forced to disgorge one hundred and forty million pounds; but what about the three hundred odd millions of our money which the gang has been permitted to retain? If Mr. Lloyd George would give me a commission, and back it with power to act—as he could do under the present emergency laws—I would undertake to rope in every one of those gilded human jackals, and plant them in the front firing line. The country would then very soon get a goodly portion of the stolen property as Death Duties.

The Profiteer and the Pauper.

What is the connection between the gold-washed profiteer and the pauper derelict thrown helpless upon the scrap-heap? This is the connecting link—and when the British people realise it there is going to be a storm that will come very close to giving us the "clean slate" Lord Rosebery hinted at so long ago, when he threw up the political game in disgust and despair. The link is plain for any thinker to see and understand. If the profiteers had not been allowed to filch all those millions, there would be money in hand to pay a living pension to every one of the sixty-five thousand gallant, broken men who fought for our glory, and stand living monuments to our eternal shame. Will the Government argue that there *is* money in hand to pay these broken soldiers their due? Then doubly black is the infamy for withholding it. Why have not the Members of Parliament who are outside the Government seen to it that the sixty-five thousand British soldiers received justice? This is the hour for plain and fearless speaking—the so-called independent Members of Parliament, with one or two possible exceptions, are too smug to act like true men on behalf of soldiers who have been broken in war for them and theirs; they lie like lice in a blanket, whilst infinitely better men than they are pitchforked into the gutter to starve—the poor sapless, spiritless, tame cats of the garden of sleek content! I am writing on Good Friday, when my thoughts are attuned to gentleness and goodwill, else would I strive to rouse some sense of manly shame in them with harsh words; but I will not be other than gentle to those poor backboneless legislators—who draw salaries from the nation, and have been elected for the purpose of seeing that right is done—for they have no grit, no intelligence, no humanity, no sense of decency or justice. Let them lean upon the prop of expediency—for, as God lives, they will in the near future find it wise to see that these fine fellows, and such as they, are not thrown upon the dunghill whilst robbers within the law fatten and wax gross on the sweat of the nation. They are not criminal men, those plastic Members of Parliament—they are as jelly-fish are amongst the denizens of the deep; they just sit still and look respectable, and let our spent soldiers be thrown to the dogs. By-and-by they may find that some of those who have gone to the dogs come back with teeth—especially those who have wives and little children; or, maybe, it will be the wives who will develop *and use* the teeth. The poor, soft, respectable, bovine creatures—can't they, or won't they, see where we are drifting?

The Remedy for the Evil.

The immediate remedy for the evil is plain—turn out of every Government office in the land the young men who are there because their parents have influence, and put in their places at once—not a month hence, but *now*—the damaged soldiers and sailors. They have won the right to those positions—one-armed, one-legged, one-eyed men, men with one lung, others nerve-racked, wrung with rheumatic pain—they are the men who should have the work in Government offices. We have plenty of officers now sadly knocked about as well as men—and officers and men have the first call on Government jobs. I do not know who is acting as "ears" to this Government; but I do know that they listen badly, or they would hear the rumbling of the coming storm. If the Government does not soon clear out the young "distinguados" and replace them with war-worn soldiers and sailors, one of these fine days—not distant—the mob will clear them out; for the People are weary of being cheated and fooled, and if once the fire starts in the ripe flax, it will spread to bigger things. See ye to it! But this replacing of civilians with war-worn soldiers and sailors will only stop a gap; there are hundreds of thousands more to follow—men who, if helped in time, will get well and strong; if thrown upon the garbage heap will become wrecks—both officers and men. There is room here for public and private enterprise. Let homestead leagues be formed—at once—to put our worn men on; to give those who are here now a chance—a fighting chance—in the battle of life. Accursed be he who stops one true man or woman from helping for his vanity's sake! Quakers, who give thousands to German prisoner funds, help your own, who made you rich; sportsmen, come to the rescue, and—above all—Royalty! This is the time for Kings and Queens to prove that ours are a bigger and a better breed than foreign sorts; this is the time for Kings and Queens to throw off the rotten shackles of Court etiquette, and to come before the People as the greatest of their kind—not to leave such work to any aspiring Noble who may be seeking to usurp their rightful place as the People's leaders! Come forth, O King and Queen, and lead a movement that will place every one of all the thousands of our broken warriors in a position to fight for his future life and well-being, and for the lives of those belonging to him, in our great Colonies overseas! It wants a King, it needs a Queen, at the head of such a movement—for our broken men will be as the sands by the sea-shore. The manless lands are waiting in the gladsome sunlight for the brave. Lords and ladies are not the bulwarks of a throne; they are only the scenery, the ornamental part—the real bulwarks of a throne are the *People's* hearts.

ONE PINT, ONE BOB.

REMARKS ABOUT THE PUMPURITAN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

When a soldier writes from a hut of the Young Men's Christian Association protesting against the present price of beer, you may take it that the Government, jockeyed by the pumpuritans, have packed on the last straw. When, in addition, working men begin to protest—as one of them does to us—that they "are no longer willing to be governed by a set of bigots, teetotal cranks, faddists, fanatics and humbugs," you can rely that a worse trouble may easily be brewing than beer. There is ominous grumbling all round about this watering down and pricing up of what to thousands of working men is an essential beverage. Nothing will convince them that the ever-increasing demands of the Prohibitionists and the ever-increasing concessions of the Government have anything more than an artificial relation to the national food question—indeed, some of the fanatics have been openly boasting that the liquor restrictions, patriotically acquiesced in by the man-in-the-street upon the official assurance that they were imposed merely for the duration of the war, will never be removed. The working men believe the cry of the destruction of food in the manufacture of beer is nothing more than a war scream, worked up by fanatical teetotalers to exploit patriotism in the interests of a law of compulsory pumpuritanism for which they have been agitating through generations. Not only are the working men angry over the Government's constant concessions to the fanatics, you can hear the grumbling everywhere about you. There is no doubt whatever that Ministers and M.P.s are in thoroughly bad odour with the public on this question. Evidently, the discontent has been echoing in the House of Commons—for Captain Bathurst has been driven to say that "it is not desired or proposed to attempt to suppress the public expression of divergencies of opinion on such an important subject, and he would ask the Prime Minister to give a day to its discussion." The fear of seeming unpatriotic by opposition has sealed the lips and suppressed the real feelings of many members of the House, while cranks with water on the brain have been screaming themselves hoarse round the pumps and imposing their will upon the Government. The vast majority of the nation—that is to say, the temperate and sober citizens of the country—have allowed themselves to be howled down and shut up by the Prohibitionists without making so much as a bleat of protest. These blaring bigots are nearer their goal than ever before in their existence, and they are still pressing the Government hard to sacrifice the last of the brew so that "defeat" in the war may be averted. It is sheer hypocritical humbug, of course, but it is doing its work. Unless protest is made effective on the Government in the House of Commons, and that soon, the British wage-earner's glass of beer will assuredly vanish as a dream. The wine of the rich man may survive, for does he not need it for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities withal?

A MERCIFUL APPEAL.

THE FATE OF ANNIE MOTSON.

We are anxious to lend all the support in our power to the effort now being made to procure a respite of punishment in the case of Annie Motson, a nineteen-year-old domestic servant, sentenced by Mr. Justice Rowlatt to five years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of an unwanted child, though recommended to mercy by the jury. In such circumstances, there were many precedents for judicial clemency. An earlier case was almost identical with that of Annie Motson, although there was no merciful recommendation by the jury. Mr. Justice Bucknill, however, thought fit to exercise the quality of mercy, the sentence awarded being one of four months' imprisonment without hard labour. If the Home Secretary is seeking for a precedent before exercising the prerogative of the Crown in favour of Annie Motson, the full facts of the case are at his disposal; besides which it is to be remembered that the present conviction is for manslaughter only. In all the circumstances, the appeal now made on the girl's behalf is one which should strongly influence the judicial mind of Sir George Cave, and we look to him to give immediate effect to the clear requirements of the situation.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BOOKS.

AUSTRIAN'S SON IN LUCK AT LIVERPOOL.

Eric Rudolph Reich, son of an Austrian, tutor at an educational establishment in Liverpool, was charged in that city with stealing three books from a public library. They were books about the war. One of them contained this true sentence:—"The preparedness of the Germans will redound to their eternal shame; the unpreparedness of the Allies will redound to their lasting honour." The perusal of that accusatory presentation of facts so incensed the young man that he wrote the word "Rot" against the passage. So he found himself obliged to answer another charge—that of wilfully damaging the book by defacing it. "Lenient treatment was accorded him," says a local newspaper. We agree. For "he was bound over on the charge of theft, and the charge of wilful damage was dismissed." The Liverpool Magistrates were too lenient. Reich's sympathy with the foe was so strong that he was compelled to filch war books from a public library and scrawl his anti-British sentiments in the margin. But he goes scot-free, "bound over" for theft, and "dismissed" from the charge of damage admittedly done. He will, we presume, go back to his tutorial duties in that Liverpool educational establishment, chortling over his successful defiance of the proprieties, and thinking what fools these Britons be to handle him so tenderly. But we should not advise anyone of British descent to steal three books from a public library, take them home, and scribble in them. He would get 14 days, at the least

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

They didn't raise their boys to fight,
But when Right is assailed by Might
The great United States can show
They're not afraid of any foe.

The ever-rising price of beer
Does not incline one to good cheer;
For now none but the richest can
Afford the drink of the working man.

The Food Departments daily grow,
Though whether *they'll* defeat the foe
By many patriots now is doubted;
It's time that some of them were "outed."

CHEERIO,

THE CRIME OF GLOOM—P

By THE ED

WHAT'S the matter with them? By them I mean the politicians. Anyone would think, after reading their tearful speeches, that instead of winning, we were losing the war. Have they never heard of Bagdad, of Bapaume, of Peronne? Does St. Quentin mean nothing to them? Is the blockade, after all, just a big farce? Has America still to be discovered by Christopher Columbus? Really, I am out of patience with the weeping Willies, the croaking Charlies. As I have said a hundred times, the politician is grossly ignorant of the spirit of the British people. It is not by weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth that we are going to win this war; but by confidence in our strong right arm, by firm belief in the justice of our cause, by perfect faith in our power to will and to win victory. If further exertions and new sacrifices are demanded, then call upon the nation in a spirit of cheerful confidence, and the response will be ready and certain. We don't want to be frightened into doing our duty; that is merely asking for trouble—playing into the hands of the pro-German and the Pacifist. I am sick and tired of the politician. I wish we could deal with him under the Defence of the Realm Act, and intern him for the duration of the war. He is the real croker—the wet crow of our national life. Not for two minutes can he keep his courage up, and he has not yet learned how to whistle as he goes through the graveyard of his own dark and cloudy imaginings.

Aren't We Winning?

If there ever was a time when courage and confidence were needed, that time is now. We are winning all along the line. We have got the German on the run, and great America—the mighty Neutral who so long was too proud to fight—has cast in her lot with the Crusaders of Civilisation, has determined to stake her all against the Teutonic enemies of Liberty. Again I ask, why this grousing—why the dolorous note? In the name of the men who are beating back the German in the West, who are defeating the Turk in the East, a truce to this weeping and wailing, an end to the doubting Thomases and the miserable Jeremiahs. Oh! no; I am not going to suggest that the war is a walk-over; I am too full of knowledge of existing conditions to talk of Berlin in a week. But I know enough to say this with the confidence born of knowledge and the arrogance which comes of supreme faith in the British stock: that if we keep a stiff upper lip we shall win a crushing victory—and that before many months are past. Confidence does not mean recklessness—belief is not founded necessarily on bunkum; a supreme trust in our sailors and our soldiers is based on something more substantial than blind faith. Wherever you look the portents are happy, the omens are propitious. Why should we worry when we see the German in France and Flanders dislodged from positions which were held to be impregnable, and routed out of villages his patience and skill had converted into strong fortresses? Too long have we been taught to believe that only the enemy is invulnerable; that whatever *we* may do counts for little. Sometimes I think that, while the German has learned to respect our naval and military prowess, we have yet to understand the full meaning of our power. Oh! yes; I know how we have suffered from the mistakes of the politicians—it is a miracle that we are to-day where we are. But facts cannot be altered by desire, nor the pro-German prevail by prayer. We are going to be victorious because we simply cannot help ourselves—the battle is to be won through the stout heart of the soldier, backed by the confident soul and moral of the British people.

My Message to the Politician.

Don't try to frighten the nation into new sacrifices: sound the note of confidence, blow the trumpet of triumph—that is my message to the miserable politician. Confidence breeds victory; doubt engenders defeat. The gentlemen who sit and gape at Westminster have gone for their Easter holidays, satisfied that their maudlin misgivings, their whimperings and their whispers have completely "sobered" the People and cast a cloud of "caution" over the Empire. What fools these political mortals be! We are not discouraged, we are not showing even a shadow of pessimism. We take the broad and sane view; we read the signs not through the dark spectacles of doubt, but with the bright glasses of confidence and hope. I do not envy the gentlemen of Westminster and Whitehall who would charge the motor of national endeavour with the petrol of pessimism. What is the true position? It may be that Germany has a million more men in the field than a year ago. But what men? The seasoned soldiers who beat us back from Mons have paid the price. The ghosts of Gallipoli are as nothing compared with the hordes of German dead. Man-power is not measured by heads, but by muscle, and the soldiers whom the Huns are hurrying to the front are not as the fair flower of free England, Scotland, Wales—of the Empire—who face them in the battered trenches. That there are stern months before us I should be the last to deny. Peace may come at any moment, or it may be delayed to harvest-time. But come it will, because of the growing might of the Allies and the failing strength of the foe. Let the Government appeal to the nation for new sacrifices; if they are really needed, they will be faithfully met. But again I say, don't try to frighten us into acquiescence—don't play the game of the peace cranks by hints of disaster, and whispered possibilities of a patched-up peace. We have to win this war outright; it is our pride and our duty to fight to a finish. If, on the one hand, I cry "No truck with the Hohenzollern, no peace with the Kaiser!" on the other I proclaim the need for such a crushing victory as shall place the forces of Evil at the mercy of the powers of Humanity, and make possible a peace which shall have no breaking—a peace destined to endure until every child of to-day has become an old man or an aged woman.

Proud Enough to Fight.

Is it nothing to you croakers that the Great Neutral has at last become too proud *not* to fight? Are you

O, LADS!
PEACE AT ANY MOMENT.

EDITOR.

blind to the meaning of a great moral force or deaf to the voice of anger and execration that floats in clarion tones across the death-stained waters of the Atlantic? In the momentous months that have passed I was chagrined and ashamed at the attitude of the United States. An insult can be wiped out only with a blow—and I saw the mighty and free nation, grown from the seed of the *Mayflower*, bending before the infamies and insults of the Hun, turning the other cheek in un-Christ-like tolerance of inhuman acts and savage deeds. But, thank God, the blood of the early settlers from grand old West-country England has fought with the watered strain of the hyphenated, and to-day the United States are "all in" for the Allies. Is not that a momentous happening? Curiously enough, the doleful Willies at Westminster, standing upon etiquette instead of shouting in happy harmony of rejoicings, have gone for their holidays without so much as a "Hurrah!" for the spreading American Eagle. Some of us understand what the "intervention"—I think that is the diplomatic word—the "intervention" of America means; and have you seen that, immediately following the wonderful speech of the once enigmatic Wilson, we have rumours of a diseased and dying Kaiser? I admit that here we have a lurking danger.

The Submarine Counterbalanced.

America can throw into the scales money, men and ships. Her resources, moral and material, are mighty, and when all the interned German shipping has been released for the service of the Allies, we shall have in great part nullified the destructive record of the merciless submarine. But that story from Washington of the dying Kaiser is significant. William the Gross Criminal knows that the game is up. Whether he is dying of disease or of despair, he hears the knell of his hope of world-ascendency sounding across the oceans he has polluted by murder, and the lands he has ravished with rapine and seared with lust. Mark my words: We shall soon hear of new and plaintive proposals for peace. With all that matters in the civilised world leagued in loyal combination against the forces of Evil, the death knell of the Hohenzollern is sounded. And, in the hope of averting irretrievable disaster, the Kaiser and his murder gang will seek to play on the feelings of the Americans and by hook or by crook secure a cessation of hostilities. At the same time, they will attempt to excuse defeat to the people on the plea of the mighty array of nations facing them in battle. We have only to "fight the good fight," to be strong in the faith, to maintain our hearts and our arms, and the end is not only certain, but in sight. If another half-million men are needed to make victory sure and shorten the war, the People, who have sacrificed so much, are ready and eager to answer the call. But we will stand no nonsense. The maimed and the married are not to be taken while hale and single men lurk in the dug-outs of exemption and hide themselves in Government Departments. From the letters which reach me, and the information at my disposal, I know that we can get all the men we need without making a further inroad upon age and increasing the misery and bitterness of those who are conducting the business of the country. There are limits to our national capacity, just as there are bounds to our patience. To hint at raising the fighting age to forty-five while there are single men in their thousands under forty who are badged and buttressed against the Recruiting Officer is to make a parody of patriotism and to inflict grave injustice under the plea of national necessity. Just as the lurker in the funk-hole must be made to bolt under the persuasion of the ferret of Efficiency, so the profiteer must cease from profiteering and the swindler be put to rest. Lord Devonport has been slow in making up his mind. I hope he has now come to very decided views on the need for conserving food and confounding the man who seeks to make money out of the needs of the nation. Bread is the prime necessity of the labour of the country. Those of us who are not called upon to use our biceps and our muscles can afford to forgo bread almost entirely. To the munition worker, the man at the furnace, and the woman in the factory, bread is indeed the "staff of life." And I would like to see every man and woman in the country who can afford more meat than bread making a solemn vow to eat a pound less bread a week for the next six months. That would save the situation—and let me say that the situation is serious. Give the wheat and the other cereals to the workers—I mean the labourers. Let those of us who do not live by our muscles see to it that the munition hand, the worker in the factory and on the land, is not deprived of energy-producing food.

Cheerio, Lads!

We can make all necessary sacrifices in a spirit of cheerfulness. There is no need for gloom or depression. "Cheerio!" is the message which a gallant Irishman brought from the trenches a few months ago. I echo it—"Cheerio!" and I send it back—with my blessing—to the boys at the front. "Keep smiling. We are winning. *It is nearly over.* You know that, don't you? And I am hoping soon to be shaking your hands and joining in the cheers." And what danger would I not risk just to see the glorious British cavalry, with snorting steed and flashing steel, on the heels of the retreating Boche! And to hear the booming of our artillery, as it crashes into those "impregnable" defences! Who said we were a decadent race; that the breed which made the British Empire what it is—which redeemed from barbarism the remotest quarters of the earth, and gave them blessings of benign government—has died out? We must continue to fight; we must be ready — those of us who stay at home — to adjust our habits to the needs of the situation, and to make any and every sacrifice so that the worker may work and the fighter may fight. But, I repeat, gloom is a crime, pessimism is a peril. "Are we downhearted?" I can hear the glorious chorus of "No!" from France. We are full of hope and bubbling over with confidence. We have the men, we have the munitions—ere long we must and shall have the prize—the priceless prize—of Victory. Cheerio!

NOW THEN, NEVILLE!

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES AT ST. ERMIN'S HOTEL.

Endeavouring to trace the source and origin of the National Service muddle, we were long ago forced to the conclusion that there were grave defects in the "higher command" at St. Ermin's Hotel—that Mr. Neville Chamberlain had not received anything like the assistance he was led to expect from the highly-salaried gentlemen appointed to assist him in the organisation of the national effort. For this state of affairs, a measure of blame must rest with the Director-General himself. Mr. Chamberlain has the defects of his intense civic patriotism; like his distinguished father, he is a little too apt to regard Birmingham as the hub of the universe, and to ignore the unquestionable claims of the outer world. We say this without the least disrespect to the Midland city; but the fact that one gentleman was formerly Town Clerk of Birmingham, and another a valued official in the Birmingham Borough Accountant's Office, to select two typical instances, does not necessarily mean that either of them is qualified for high executive office in this vital department of the War Administration. We have authority for stating that, at the inception of the National Service scheme, offers of assistance were received from men of wide business experience and proved organising capacity, some of whom—men of outstanding repute—offered their services without question of remuneration. Mr. Chamberlain chose otherwise, with unhappy results. Not that the National Service Department is understaffed; a casual call at St. Ermin's Hotel, at any moment of the working hours, is sufficient to dispel that impression, as on the premises may be found representative members of the various sections into which its 297 "commissioners" are divided. But our information goes to show that many of these officials, from the highest to the humblest, have been appointed without the least regard to their fitness, and in several instances without any clear assignment of duty. Indeed, the disorganisation has been so appalling that more than one capable and conscientious volunteer, temporarily engaged in clerical duties, has retired in sheer disgust. As an instance of the way in which genuine talent has been discouraged, it may be mentioned that one highly successful business man, having gratuitously offered his services to the Department, resigned in the first week on the ground that it was "useless to muddle along on the existing system"; while another gentleman of wide experience, who had previously rendered invaluable service to the Ministry of Munitions, was unable to tolerate the conditions obtaining at St. Ermin's Hotel, and after a burst of salutary, but unheeded, criticism, he, too, tendered his resignation. A retired official of the Public Works Department of the Indian Civil Service was appointed to sort letters at £1 a day, until more responsible work could be found for him. He discovered that no serious effort had previously been made to classify applications for employment. In the Registry Department chaos reigned unchecked, hardly any of the applicants having received the courtesy of a reply. However, a week's steady work served to reduce things to some sort of order; and the newly-appointed "clerk" then ventured to make certain suggestions to his "superiors" for the more expeditious dispatch of departmental business, while requesting the honour of further employment. But apparently the Birmingham mandarins preferred to muddle on as they were going. No more sweeping was found for the troublesome "new broom," with his tiresome notions of order and efficiency, and after several weeks of comparative idleness, this gentleman also desired to be relieved of his appointment—on the ground that he "could no longer remain inactive, taking money from public funds, while there was useful work waiting to be done." Such scandalous instances of wasted talent and neglected counsel might very easily be multiplied; and if we refrain from further citation it is in the hope that Mr. Neville Chamberlain is at last making a serious effort to set his hotel in order, to cut out the "dead-heads" who have crept into his Department, and to avail himself more fully of the services of men whose success in other walks of life—not necessarily in the bureaucracy of Birmingham—is a high practical recommendation for the service of the State. Meantime, we await the Report of the Committee of Inquiry which has already been appointed.

DOCTORING BY POST.

IGNORANCE OF COMPLAINT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.

We have not tried any of the precious preparations vended by the Domigo Chemical Co., of 168, Aldersgate Street, E.C., nor have we any desire to do so. The names of the articles are not reassuring, being such choice things as "Curative Blood Tablets, Strengthening Food, and Medicated Skin Soap," with "Domigo Ointment and Liniment" thrown in. Also, the system of correspondence indulged in by the Company is not to be commended by us, especially when their letters are sent to an address to which they have been desired not to forward them. But the Domigo people are pushful, and do not like to sell nothing. "Dear Madame," commences a circular letter, "As I have not heard from you regarding the Domigo Treatment, I have been wondering whether—times being so critical—you do not feel yourself able to pay 'Cash Down' for one of our whole Courses of Treatment." Not having heard from the lady, they might well have left her alone. But that is not the way of dealers in Domigo. "I did not think of this before," continues the artful one, "but trust that the following terms will meet you." And the man who did not think before offers "No. 1 Course" for "14s. now and 14s. at the end of 30 days." Other "Courses" are proffered on similar terms. The amusing—if rather impudent—admission is made that, "as you did not return your Consultation Form, I do not know what your trouble is." All the same he, or the Domigo concern, will sell the stuff—for £1 8s., and take the money cheerfully—whatever the ailment may be. If you suffer from elephantitis or housemaid's knee, "14s. now and 14s. in 30 days" will bring No. 1 Course—and much good may it do you when you get it. But we cannot advise anybody to send the money, for we do not believe in being doctored from the distance by a Domigo person who does "not know what your trouble is."

THE CASH-GIFT-TEA DODGE.

TRICKILY-WORDED CIRCULAR THAT CATCHES CUSTOMERS.

A sailor's wife, living in Glasgow, has been foolish enough to be persuaded to buy tea from a canvasser, on the promise of a cash gift of £2. The price, to start with, was 3s. a pound; it is now 3s. 4d.—a most extortionate figure. The poor woman says there was a statement made to her that, when she had taken 4 lbs. of tea, she would receive her "gift." Up to now she has bought 16 lbs., but no prize has resulted. She says, "Every week their traveller (I have had four different travellers) has promised faithfully that I would receive the money the following week. Last week I refused to take any more until I got the money, so the traveller said my name would be scored off their books." The firm referred to is the White Star Tea Co., 4, York Street, Glasgow. Their circular, handed to anybody foolish enough to become a customer at preposterous prices, expressly states that they "cannot be held responsible for any statements made by our travellers." Therefore, these smooth-tongued individuals tell such tales as those related by the sailor's wife. There is a "Guarantee" given by the firm, which promises "a Dividend in strict rotation according to our ledger, but not in any specified time." Our reader expected her £2 in four weeks, according to the traveller's promise. Now note this artful paragraph in the Company's circular:—"Each new customer will receive a written guarantee that they will receive one of the sums mentioned above. This will be sent after the Tea has been taken four successive weeks." The duplicity is obvious. The poor woman, badgered and persuaded, thinks the word "This" refers to the money, for the sentence is cunningly framed. Consideration shows that "This" means the "guarantee"—which does arrive after "four successive weeks." It promises £2—"but not in any specified time." It may be for years, it may be for ever, that the deluded customer has to go on paying the wicked price.

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There is nothing they appreciate so much—slip a packet in every letter you send to Soldier or Sailor boys.

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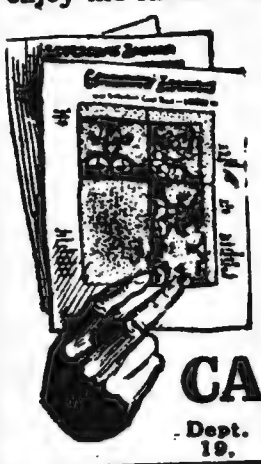

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD.

Good arfternoon, sir. . . Oh, yes, I orfen 'as bishops in; sometimes curates; but as a general rule I on'y gits the congregations committed to their charge, so ter speak. You know, your grace, the publicans an' sinners. Not thet I 'as many publicans nowadays. There ain't many of 'em got the price of a shave, since bitter went up to a bob a pint. *'Oo was the larst bishop I 'ad in 'ere?* I fency it was A. F. London, as 'e calls 'isself. A pleasant-spoken gent, 'e is. But we never watchermacall 'it it on the population question. W'en 'e starts spoutin' about more babies, I tells 'im it's *deeds* we wants, not words. An' 'e usually drys up, then. But there's one bishop I should very much like to meet, yore grace, an' thet's the Bishop o' Chelmsford. . . . *W'y?* Well, yore grace, 'e was preachin' 'ere in London larst week, an' 'e 'ad the face to say the present labour on the land on Sundays ain't justified. . . . *You quite agree?* Oh, you *do*, do yer? Then you're as bad as 'im. An' both of you's as bad as thet psalm-smitin' Welsh 'umbug, Caradoc Jones, of Gabalfa Baptist Chapel, wot calls chaps wot's tryin' to increase the Nation's food supply by doin' a bit o' gardenin' on Sundays, "Sabbath Rakers." It's orl very well for the Bishop to say if Sunday was a day of rest better work would be done all round durin' the other six days. 'E forgets there ain't time durin' the other six days. Farmers an' sich like is workin' against time. Pertaters 'ave gotter be put in quick, or not at all. An' men wotter on National work orl the week 'aven't time to do a bit o' plantin' on week days, so they do it on Sundays. An' good luck to 'em! It don't do 'em no 'arm to turn over the soil on Sunday. It's good for the 'ealth. A change of occupation is as good as a rest, I 'ave 'eard sed. An' growin' more grub is a darned sight better than loafin' round on Sundays doin' nothink, ain't it? This ain't no ordinary wore, yore grace. The 'Uns is tryin' to starve us out with their submarines; an' if the English clergy want them kep' from comin' over 'ere an' treatin' our cathedrals an' churches like wot they've done in Frawnce an' Bel'jum, they won't make no silly fuss about doin' a little bit of gardenin' on Sundays. Besides, a man can dig an' say 'is prayers at the same time, if it comes to thet, an' 'e 'appens to feel that way inclined. . . . There, sir, 'ow'll thet soot yer? Thank you, yore grace. Much obliged, I'm shore. If you should 'appen to meet yore brother Chelmsford, p'raps you'll give 'im the tip wot I think about 'is foolish, narrer-minded remark. Goo' day, yore grace.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

AMERICA'S INTERVENTION.

YANKEE: Say, gotter match?

OBVIOUS HUN (*producing a box*): Mit bleasure. Helb yourself.

YANKEE (*ignoring matches and leaning forward, hands on knees*): Snakes, if you ain't a Jarmin! See to here, who's let a slob like you loose?

HUN (*indignantly*): You to me no business haf like dot to sbeak. I a Bridish subject am, yah. You von dirdy Yankee are, soh. Shud up.

YANKEE: See to here, Mister Dutchman, you go easier with your talk-thing. I don't allow no slob like you to larn me how to talk. I s'pose you know me an' you're at war, eh? Wilson's said the word, and I'm a-gwine to start right in now. Put 'em up!

HUN (*nervously*): You maag a mis-dake. I a Bridish subject am. Der Bridish und der Americans allies are. Soh. Shaag!

YANKEE: Say, if you're a Britisher you've gotter hole in yer tongue. Since when've you bin British?

HUN: Since one year. I my bapers haf. Yah. I der money paid haf.

YANKEE (*contemptuously*): Think you kin turn yerself into a Britisher by puttin' up a few plunks? Gerraway!

HUN (*passionately*): I do nod know vat is blunks, bud you me insuld. I gall der bolice at der nexd station!

YANKEE: Aw, cheese it. You don't come de plug-ugly wid me, not by a couple o' barrels. You sunk de *Lusitania*, did'n you? You sunk de *Aztec*, did'n you? Waal, that's got my goat. Me an' you're at war, an' you've gotter go through it.

HUN: I shall nod. You striig me, und I pull der gommunigation. I de-fend myself will nod. If you a Bridish subject murder, you hang—yah!

YANKEE: If you're a Britisher, why the dickens don't yer speak English?

HUN: I sbeak so goot Englisch mit you. Bah! Joost pecos your Bresident made up 'is mind has! Der var been raging has nearly dree years, und you gome in now, ad der finish, und dink yoursels efferybodies.

YANKEE: Waal, I reckon we're one too many for you, anyway. D'yer know what de Kayser'll do when he knows Amurrica has come in?

HUN: Yah. I know. 'E smile will, und 'e vill say, Soh, der Yankees gone in haf—*at last*. Now ve shan't be long. Dot is vat de Kaiser vill say.

YANKEE: Not him. He won't say nuthin'. He'll be too scairt. He'll jest gibber, an' then he'll chuck up the sponge. I'm tellin' you.

HUN (*rising*): Perhabs, mein friendt. Ve vill see. Now I bid you good-dag.

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Coupon, value 1s., presented this week.

See page iii. of Cover.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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(April 14, 1917.)

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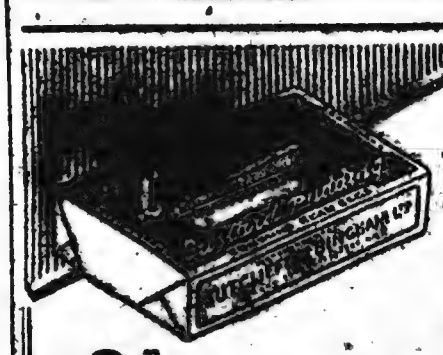

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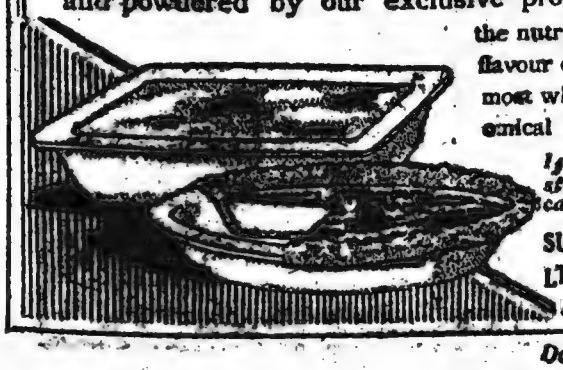

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"John Bull" 14/4/17.

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BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

Truly, our sailors are equally great afloat and ashore! You would have said so if you had been with me recently at the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham, where, thanks to the enthusiasm of Lieut.-Commander R. P. Kingscote and other distinguished officers, a most successful boxing tournament, spread over three days, was held. And from among the many lusty young fellows who performed I picked out one—A. B. Hall, of Harwich—who, having previously beaten Stoker Nuckley, sparred with the incomparable Jimmy Wilde, and who, given reasonable good fortune, should build up a high reputation. I should say that he goes about 10 stone; he is splendidly set up; convinces one immediately that he has a natural gift for the game, and already carries himself as a possible champion. Hall has the brains and the temperament of a boxer of high degree—that is, he is thinking all the time he is fighting. Jimmy Wilde, than whom there should be no better judge, thinks no end of Hall. The young man has not only style, but is quick to find his way to the strong and weak points of his opponent. Lieut.-Commander Kingscote, who has won the competition confined to officers of the Grand Fleet, particularly invited my opinion of Hall. Among the many workers were the Rev. Mr. Viner, Lieut. Fairfield, R.N.R., and Lord Congleton, who held the watch.

By the way, Commander Kingscote, anticipating that boxing will sooner or later be made compulsory as part of the training in the Services, has secured as instructors Sergt. Bill Curzon, Jerry Driscoll, the old St. Paul's and Stock Exchange teacher, and Dan Flynn, of Glasgow. Which reminds me that Mr. W. White and other of the leading lights of the Scottish Amateur Boxing, Gymnastic and Wrestling Association—the result of whose recent tournament to help the fund for limbless soldiers has exceeded all expectations—feel, and quite rightly, that the day is not far off when Trooper Wally Ross, the Scottish Fly-Weight Champion, must meet Wilde. For long I have wondered whether there was a man who could seriously extend Wilde, and for long I have had Ross in my mind. He is a youth who has done pretty nearly everything asked of him, and every time I have seen him he has shown marked improvement. I can say that nothing would please Ross better than a match with the famous Wilde, who at the N.S.C. last week received Lord Lonsdale's Belt as his own property, in reward for having won the Fly-Weight Championship three times. As everybody knows, the only defeat Wilde has suffered in his extraordinary career was by the Scotsman, Tancy Lee. Ross, I would add, has never looked back since he defeated Lewis Williams, who had previously beaten him twice.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—

"Mr. Bonar Law replied that the Government were taking every possible step to minimise the shortage in the FOOL supply."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—

"Remember, then, next Saturday evening to put your clocks and watches an hour forward. Probably the most convenient time for doing it will be after EVERYONE has gone to bed."

"PESHAWAR DAILY NEWS" (advertisement):—

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"BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE":—

"It was essential that a much fuller use should be made of the agricultural land of the country, and that tenancies where MUCH OF THE LAND WAS HABITUALLY UNDER CULTIVATION should be TERMINATED."

"BARROW NEWS":—

"Poultry Keeping on a Small Scale. . . . The essential requirements are:—(1) A DRY, WATERTIGHT, OPEN-FRONTED LAYING STRAIN, THAT HAVE BEEN REARED ON DRAUGHTS, and situated so as to get the maximum of sunshine."

"HALIFAX" EVENING COURIER" (report of Tribunal proceedings):—

"Willie Highley (28), married . . . passed C2, UNHANGED."

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FIRST PRIZE of £150.

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Mr. J. Adams, 11, Oak Grove, Urmston, M'chester.

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For Complete List of the 633 cash prizewinners see the April 14/21 issue of "Pictures & the Picturegoer"—price 2d., or post free 2½d. from The Publisher, 95, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean disheartening, shall go uncalled-for and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, 19th August, 1915.

Suffering at Seaford.

In Seaford Camp there are many disabled men—some of whom have been wounded two or three times. They are excused fatigue duties, but we notice a new Order that "In future all N.C.O.s and men who are excused duties or fatigue are not allowed out of camp. This Order will be strictly enforced." If we carry on in this way, we shall make the arch-Prussian blush, as he will conclude that he does not know his trade.

A Southern Command Grievance.

In the Southern Command we have about 200 R.A.M.C. men in a single hospital, not one of whom—with the exception of a Corporal—has received promotion with pay. There are only three paid N.C.O.s in the place, the rest being given local rank and allowed to do their duties without remuneration. We throw this hint out to the General Officer Commanding.

Diddling the Devons.

About twenty men from the Devons were sent to an Officers' Training Corps at Tidworth the other day, having received no pay for three weeks. They expected to obtain a month's money on the Friday, but were given nothing owing to the following Order by Colonel Wyndham: "A.I N.C.O.s and men, except those of the Devon Regiment, will parade for pay to-morrow at 1.45 p.m."!

A Bark from Boulogne.

In one of the hospitals at Boulogne the orderlies have been compelled to pay for breakages of delf, etc., caused by the officers and sisters. The orderlies protested, but were told that the real offenders refused to pay, and somebody had, therefore, to find the money! Each man was mulct to the extent of 7s. Anything here to interest Sir Alfred Keogh?

The Curse of Salutes.

The other day, at Southport, a man—sent home recommended for a commission—was having a stroll, when a major on a motor-cycle passed him, his badge of rank being concealed. The Tommy did not salute, whereupon the galloping major returned and took particulars. Result—stoppage of 8s. 4d. pay and recommendation for commission cancelled. We advise such punctilious officers to think less of the salute and make themselves proficient in the trade of war. We have Parliamentary proof that many of them are not only useless as officers, but lead their men to unnecessary slaughter.

To Jack Allchin.

In the course of a piteous letter, we are asked to appeal to you in this form: "Would Jack Allchin, late of Bordon Camp, Liss, communicate with his daughter Gladys, as mother is dying and is always asking for him?"

Mine Sweepers' Bravery.

We are asked by some of the mine sweepers at the Grimsby base why they have not been paid for the mines they have swept up or destroyed. The advertised reward is £5 for a submerged mine and £1 for a floating one, the money being divided among the crews according to rank. The men of other bases have received whatever is due—why not those at Grimsby?

A Way They Have in the Navy.

Some months ago—as we disclosed at the time—a naval officer brought some female friends on board a destroyer in a dock, and one lady playfully handled a loaded torpedo tube, with the result that the wharf was blown up. A strict Order was consequently issued forbidding women going on board our craft; yet we find that officers—principally juniors—still have their lady friends on board, giving them tea parties and so on, much to the annoyance of the crews. This breach of so salutary a regulation is made the harder for the "common sailor" to bear by the fact that an Order has just been issued at the Submarine Depôt forbidding them to enter Y.M.C.A. huts and picture palaces! A further grievance is that the Post Offices in Harwich have been "placed out of bounds" for the men. Why? There is work for Sir Edward Carson here.

Back to the Arctic.

Yacht patrol sailors who have returned from the Arctic regions tell us that, after nine months' service in that horrible region, on reaching England they were given a short leave and sent to patrol in dangerous home waters. They are now being ordered back to the latitudes of the Aurora Borealis, without being permitted to say good-bye to their families. Their mates of the trawler section get better treatment, receiving "ice" money at the rate of 1s. a day which is denied to the Yacht Patrol. We have given up trying to understand the ways of the Army and Navy, so far as pay and leave are concerned.

Our Pensions Inquiry Department.

By Our Pensions Expert.

Mrs. W. B. (Crewe).—I forwarded your case to the proper authorities. You will receive full pay from April 11th.

M. P. (Rickmansworth).—I am sorry to say that you are not now entitled to a pension, as the present regulations do not recognise a man who has gone down under the strain of Home Service—but your day is coming.

M. M. (Rutland).—You should see the local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee and claim a supplementary allowance.

H. R. (Walthamstow).—As you broke down after nine days' military service, I regret to say that you are not entitled to a pension.

E. P. (Limerick).—See answer to "M. M. (Rutland)."

D. C. (Seven Kings).—I forwarded the particulars to the Pensions Issue Office, and am glad to know that the arrears have been sent. If you leave your present address you must notify the Superintendent of your new one.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Picked Up in the Street.

A man who had been turned into an invalid was sent back to civil life without money, and pensionless. He was compelled to enter an infirmary to get the patching-up which he should have received from the military authorities. When leaving the institution he found himself, destitute, on the streets, and came to us—with the customary result. His military papers were quite in order, his character being marked "Very good." In other words, he was a good man wrecked by our system!

Another Army Wreck.

Another man broke down during training, and was kicked out without a pension—presumably on account of the official excuse that the Medical Officer did not detect, while examining the poor fellow, that he was already a physical wreck. He elected to be discharged in London, hoping to find work, but failed in his quest. He wished to go back to his parents in Wales, and we enabled him to make the journey.

Still They Come.

Yet another man was sent out with heart disease, from which he suffered before his enlistment. As he had been at the front he was granted a pension of 10s. a week. He cannot work, and has a wife and four children. We gave immediate relief.

Another Addition to the Long List.

"You were kind enough to help me last year, when I got my discharge. I have not been able to earn a penny-piece since, and my family of five have to depend upon the earnings of my little wife, who is delicate. Since I wrote you last, I have had rheumatic fever. Will you please help us again, as we are in great distress?" This from another sufferer from the *regime* that refuses pensions to men who are undoubtedly entitled to them. We at once relieved the unfortunate fellow's distress, as we are sure our subscribers would desire.

A Pension Minister's Castaway.

A man was discharged from the Army, having, during training, broken down owing to consumption. On the top of this, he is suffering from asthma and bronchitis. He collapsed in the street and was picked up by the police, unconscious. He has a wife and child. We did what the Pensions Minister declares he will not do.

Will You Please Help?

We regret to note an appreciable falling off in contributions to our Fund—due, no doubt, to ever-growing economic pressure. We appeal for increased help, as the demands upon our little charitable effort are great. Contributors keep the home-fires burning, relieve the minds of those in the trenches, and sweep away misery where it exists in the families of the men who are now struggling for our benefit. We would again point out that every sixpence sent to us is judiciously administered, and finds its way into the right hands. All expenses incidental to the administration of the Fund—and they are considerable—are cheerfully borne by John Bull. Once more we thank the open-handed men of the Fleet for their steady support. Tommy in general seems to forget our fund, until he is discharged and in want.

A Son's Cry of Distress.

A soldier boy was, in civil life, the only support of his widowed mother, who now receives 5s. 3d. a week on his account—her only income. The lad wrote to us from the trenches, and we saw that his mother was made comfortable.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

R. F. P., 1s.; "Searchlight," £2.; C. E. T., 2s.; "Limejuicer," 2s. 6d.; E. W. L. (South Rhodesia), 10s. 3d.; "Montcalm," £25.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; Weekly collection, C. F. S. (Woolwich Arsenal) 12s. 6d.; E. W. B. (Manchester), 2s.; A. B. (Sheffield), 6d.; Collected on board s.s. *Airedale*, £3; "Sigrel," 6d.; "Auntie Nell," 2s. 6d.; "Grab," 1s.; P. B. S. (Woking), 2s. 6d.; J. C. H., £1; J. H. (Gregson Lane), £2 12s.; "Paddy," 1s.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; H. S. (B.E.F.), £3; Proceeds of Hair-cutting Fund on board s.s. *Lincoln*, (per E. J. P.), £1 5s.; Pte. G. J., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 2s.; A. M. C., 6d.; "The Little Whitens," (Faversham), 5s.; R. D. (Thornton Heath), 1s.; H. M., 2s. 6d.; "Triple Leaf," 1s.; "H.M.A. *Berwick*," 6s.; J. M. (Sheerness), 6d.; H. W. (Exeter), 2s. 6d.; "Contents of Sweat Box (B.E.F.)," 1s.; A. B. P., 1s.; E. W. 2s.; "Sailor's Girl," 1s.; W. C. (Blaina), 1s.; F. H. (Leeds), 10s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works, Rochester, £1 2s. 6d.; A. H. S., 2s.; "Katie Rye," 1s.; F. A. B., 1s. 6d.; "From Father, *In Memoriam* L. S. D.," 5s.

KILL those Vermin!

Every Soldier will welcome the wonderful Vermin destroyer

PARASITOX

"Truth" says:—

Body vermin are carriers of typhus and plague, perhaps the two most dreaded of all epidemic diseases. Exhaustive tests by experts have proved that Parasitox effectively destroys all species of body vermin, while at the same time, if applied to the face and hands or any exposed portion of the body, it repels the attack of mosquitoes and flies. It is supplied in a solid stick in a tin case, and the stick simply needs to be rubbed over the seams of the underclothing and applied to the body, the natural heat of the body volatilising the active principles, which permeate the affected areas and kill all the parasites.

Send to your Soldier Friends. One dozen sticks sent Carriage Paid to any part 10/-

Nothing is likely to be more welcome to a Soldier in camp or field. One of the largest manufacturing firms in the kingdom has been so greatly impressed with its value that it has sent one to every one of its employees serving in the Army—over 750 of them—an example to be commended as a change from the gift of tobacco.

Parasitox not only kills all Vermin and Parasites but effectively destroys the eggs. Cold, greasy ointments are useless, and no powders are efficient to completely rid the body of such pests.

Parasitox is prepared only by Heppell's Insecticide Laboratories. It is convenient to handle and pleasant to use, being free from grease, and leaves no stain. Every Soldier's kit should contain a stick of Parasitox. It will do much to preserve health and comfort.

Per stick

To be obtained from The British Expeditionary Force Canteens and all chemists, including Boots.

1/-

Sent post Free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/-.

French Money or Stamps accepted in payment.

HEPPELL'S, Chemists,
164, Piccadilly, also Strand, Haymarket, etc.

A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.

SPECIAL WAR TIME OFFER TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

In this time of supreme national trial, every man and woman must be prepared to undertake greater responsibilities.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free and without obligation on your part if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.
175, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

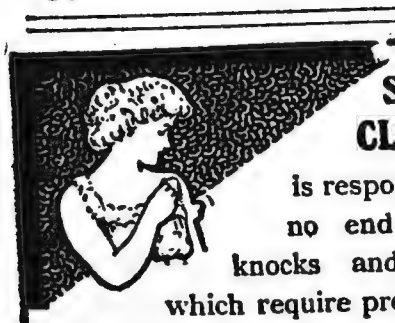
—Munition Work	—Coal & Metal Mining
—Business Training	—Mechanical Engineering
—Book-Keeping	—Draughtsmanship
—Salesmanship	—Electrical Engineering
—Shorthand-Typewriting	—Architecture & Building
—Shopkeeping	—Marine Engineering
—Advertising	—Steam Engineering
—Boiler Engineering	—Woodworking
—Gas Power Engineering	—Textile Manufacturing
—Motor Engineering	—Wireless Telegraphy
—Industrial Chemistry	—Electric Lighting and Traction
—Careers for Men	—Careers for Women

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 18.



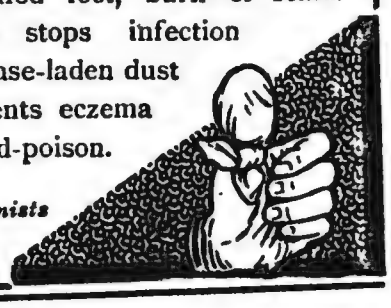
SPRING-CLEANING

is responsible for no end of cuts, knocks and bruises, which require prompt treatment with Zam-Buk. Otherwise you may easily be let in with a festered finger, a poisoned knee or a crippled leg. In

Zam-Buk

you have a valuable, ever-ready first-aid. It is noted for its swift healing and its grand soothing and antiseptic qualities.

There is nothing like it for a sprained ankle or wrist, a cut finger or a crushed foot, burn or scald. Zam-Buk stops infection from disease-laden dust and prevents eczema and blood-poison.



Of all Chemists and Drug Stores.

Page Woodcock's Pills

For sixty years these famous pills have proved to be the most certain and speedy corrective of all stomach and liver disorders. Indispensable at all times

for Indigestion, Flatulence, Acidity, Sluggish Liver, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia, and Drowsiness.

Of all Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-

SHORTHAND IN 3 DAYS

DUTTON'S SHORTHAND FOR THE MILLION can be learned in 3 days. Only 6 rules. Send stamp for first lesson in this, the simplest and highest speed system to DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE (Room J) SKEGNESS. London, 32 & 33 Great Russell St. W.C.

FREE FIRST LESSON FREE

PEACH'S CURTAINS

FREE BOOK.
Practical Hints.
Makers' Prices.

Lace Curtains, Muslins, Casement Curtains, Linens, Hosiery. Write now for NEW BOOK.

SAML. PEACH & SONS, 141, The Looms, Nottingham.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. *Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.* LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

W. H. R. (Stockport), one of the survivors of H.M.H.S. *Asturias*, suggests that we should thank the inhabitants of Salcombe, Devon, for their lavish kindness to the rescued victims of that dastardly Hun outrage. We hereby do so. But what less would one expect of the inhabitants of glorious Devon?

P. R. (Hayle).—Of course "this war was premeditated years ago." And we told the public so, years ago.

C. E. A. (Bradford).—The ex-Czar of Russia will not be harboured in this country if we can prevent it.

M. G. T. (Glasgow).—If, as you say, there is "no law in Scotland to compel any seller to give full weight," it is about time that a little more weight was given to the law in Scotland.

H. B. (Filey).—As a remedy for the paper shortage, you propose to "search library shelves for the biographies of persons of no interest to the present generation, and pulp them." Exactly, we have occasionally "pulped" people's biographies while they were still alive.

"Twice Shy" (Torquay).—Why continue to pay sixpence for a journal whose contents "sicken" you, when for a modest penny you can have a weekly tonic to your taste?

Pte. G. C. (Brighton).—The barber who charged soldiers in hospital 1s. 3d. each for hair cut and shave needs combing out—with a rake.

"Motherly Housekeeper" (Harrow).—We like your notion, "Keep a pet onion. Keep it growing in pot or box, and, as you need onion flavour for cooking, cut off the green shoots and use them." When we can afford to buy an onion, we will pet it day and night.

J. A. (King's Cross).—"Are pianos more important than potatoes?" Not at all, but they are much more plentiful.

J. P. (Southampton).—The retention of so many single young men in the local shipyards is a painful circumstance, but perhaps things may improve with the days of summer. Never mind if we *are* speaking in riddles.

W. H. P. (Bournemouth).—We cannot be responsible for the deficiencies of the Postal Service, although as fellow-sufferers we grasp your hand in tender sympathy.

J. W. (Liverpool).—We agree that the law should be so amended as to lighten the lot of the "illegitimate" child. Perhaps we shall approach these matters in a more charitable spirit after the war.

Sec.-Lt. P. S. (Marble Arch).—If you really are an officer, how dare you write treason? But we think you are sailing under false colours.

"Jorg Waker" (Bucksburn).—A soldier home on leave, you are disgusted with your wife's troubles about sugar, potatoes, etc. You have a right to be disgusted.

A. B. (Finsbury Park).—"Harry Tate's Navy do more things than the papers say. It should be called the Sea-Wasp Fleet." Doesn't sound so poetic.

T. H. T. (Wyke).—We have always urged that Tommy must be fed, and well fed, by the War Office. Not by his relations.

"Nom-de-Plume" (Manchester).—Killing all the dogs would not end the war. Silencing a few curs might help.

E. H. (Hextable).—"At the munition works in Kent arrived five cases of copper bands from Leeds, 8s. 11d. carriage each case. One case would have held the lot. It is a common occurrence. Why?" Just to give the neglected railways a little traffic.

"Heathfield."—A packet of onion seed is labelled, "British Seedtape, Ltd., Cockspur Street, London, S.W. British seeds." Removing the label, one reads: "American Seedtape Co., People's Gas Buildings, Chicago, Ill." Naturalised, evidently.

A. N. (London, W.).—Rightly or wrongly, the Board of Invention does not approve your design. Surely, therefore, it is unreasonable to expect them to advance money to pay for what they do not want?

"Duke" (Annsmuir Camp).—"Tell me are Poneys engaged down Coal-Pits?" We should say that very few po..ies employed in coal mines are engaged, and even fewer married.

D. C. de V. (Hereford).—"How many beasts will be cheered by those fine words of yours!" Can't say. We will inquire what is our circulation in the Zoological Gardens—and Germany.

C. A. (New Barking).—"Apply combing out process to the lightermen." And the heavier men also, if you please. They would soon train down.

"Some Flapper."—"I know at least half a dozen flappers who admire you very much." There's still a chance of our getting ot., then.

S. S. (Birmingham).—It is abominable that the late Lord Kitchener, of splendid memory, should need defence from slanderous tongues.

"Civilian Worm" (London, E.C.) thinks it's time we had a Fool Controller as well as a Food Controller. To control the other controllers?

"A Mother" (Liverpool).—It surprises us that the women of England have not risen long ere this against the harbouring of the thousands of sleek and prosperous Germhuns who move freely in our midst.

A. L. (Kirkwall).—Perhaps when the news reaches them that there's a war on, the Kirkwall Town Council will provide allotments for growing vegetable in accordance with the petition laid before them last February.

"Shirkers' Rest" (Swansea).—The new Army Act will have something to say to the "A" men wasting their time in the works you mention.

"Working Girl" (London, S.W.).—Do we "consider it right that a motor lorry filled with sacks of potatoes should be taken into a Restaurant?" Certainly not A motor lorry in any restaurant would seem rather out of place.

Mrs. B. (Seaford).—We love dogs all right, but, despite your arguments, we still put children first.

"R. H. A." (At the Front).—We have consulted our horticultural expert, who assures us there *is* such a thing as red cabbage, which may be seen in various parts of England growing in the open in an unpickled state.

"FAIRPLAY" (Manchester).—A man at Edmonton, father of 10 children, obtained exemption "to enable him to continue his work of national importance."

"A VOLUNTEER" (Newmarket).—Any "gentleman" keeping gardeners to cultivate flowers should eat what he grows and be denied vegetables.

A. C. (Pensnett).—"Can you take me out of the Psychic Company; it is Bringing me in a nervice state." Pull yourself together, and tell your family doctor all about it.

"SEAMAN" (Victoria Docks).—You "fail to see any economy" in reducing the speed of food-carrying ships. We cannot see it either, though we keep our eyes well skinned.

H. P. (York).—It is only quite recently that women have been granted licences to drive taxi-cabs in London. We understand that some of the male drivers are angry, while others are tickled to death.

PRIVATE M. S. (Ripon).—You have a perfect right to "voice your opinion," but if you could voice it on something less than eight large sheets of paper, we should like it all the better.

"CHARLES" (Edinburgh).—Your letter on the drink question is full of sound sense and apt illustration. Here's your health!

J. C. B. (Rhondda).—That was a horrible dream of yours. Perhaps you had been infringing Lord Devonport's regulations, or Lord D'Abernon's.

G. P. (Knightsbridge).—Strictly speaking, there are no "slaves" in any part of the British Empire. As you will remember, the employment of the word as a figure of speech has been stigmatised as "a terminological inexactitude."

J. W. M. (Yeovil).—At present we cannot make head or tail of your letter, but we will try again before bed-time.

S. S. (Culworth Street, N.W.).—"Is this a job?" It's a job to say; but if it is a job, it's a bad job, and it's a good job if it isn't a job.

W. P. (Oldham).—If your patent contraption for scotching the submarine menace has already been accepted by the Admiralty, what more do you want? You have merely to wait and see.

S. M. (Western Australia).—You are as full of questions as the Smaller Catechism. Watch our columns for the replies.

"ARDENT READER" (Birmingham).—"After working for his firm over 40 years, an old man was permitted to depart without one word of farewell." Not a nice firm, that.

T. O. W.—A disabled soldier has lost his war badge, No. 2458. Anybody found it?

"A VICTIM."—The Royal Card Co., of Kew, is a notorious swindle, the more despicable since it preys on innocent children.

"READER."—When an advertiser offers a 20 guinea gramophone for 4 guineas, and repeats the advt. for years, we suspect trickery. Especially when the things are German, costing about £8.

"KEN" (Glasgow).—We suppose you *can* be civil when you like. But you don't like.

"PATRIOTS."—We have consulted the firm of caterers in question, who tell us that they have raised the price of potatoes for the purpose of discouraging consumption, and have put rice in the menu as a substitute.

C. B. (Australia).—Pleased to hear that the JOHN BULL Pen is going well. Money orders should be made payable to John Bull Limited, London.

"REGULAR READER" (Nantwich).—Thanks for picture postcard showing Howbeck Lodge, Nantwich, birthplace of Admiral Beatty. That's one to Cheshire.

"CONSTANT READER" (Hastings).—You registered under our War Insurance scheme in 1914. No need to register again.

THE L.G.O.C. write us that drivers and conductors who report for duty six days a week—even if they get no work at all—receive a minimum of 35s. and 30s. respectively. The transfer of men to different garages has, they say, been a matter of military necessity, and they assure us of their keen sympathy with the men and women in their service, in their unpreventable troubles.

Miss V. (Bingley).—Much regret we haven't the faintest desire to purchase your two pennies dated 1864, or any other old date. If you will permit the expression, your friend has been pulling your honourable leg.

"DATA" (Peckham).—The best lines in your interminable poem to the Kaiser are: "All Highest how happy all nations would be If both Willie and you died at birth." Now go away to a quiet place and think it out.

A. L. (Bristol).—It may be that Harry Lauder has put an end to the sugar crisis by saving 15 lumps in a fortnight, but his splendid self-sacrifice has not eased the situation down our way up to the present.

L. W. (Buenos Aires).—"I send you one of my own poems. Which I am the Author. And which you have the kind permission of me the Author to print it in your paper." You really are too kind.

E. G. H. (Swindon).—Registered letter containing Treasury notes sent to son in France; letter returned, money missing. P.O. won't compensate because "entire article" was not lost. They think you registered the envelope—not the contents!

C. T. (Littlehampton).—"The reason why Bridge is a popular game is on account of the values and logical sequences in units, and what they stand for." Don't you believe it.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

(TO BE HANDED TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.) *(Particulars of a special gift to subscribers will be found on page iii. of cover.)*

"JOHN BULL" ORDER FORM.

To (name of Newsagent) _____

Please reserve for me weekly, until further notice, a copy of "JOHN BULL."

Signature _____ *Date* _____ 1917.

Address _____

_____

Can't beat "TIZ" when Feet Hurt

"Ah! Nothing like TIZ for sore, tired, puffed-up, perspiring feet, corns or chilblains."

"Sure! I use TIZ every time for any foot trouble."

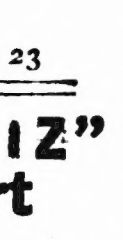
You can be happy-footed just like me. Use TIZ, and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired feet. TIZ and only TIZ takes the pain and soreness out of corns, hard skin, chilblains, bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a TIZ bath you just feel the happiness soaking in. How good your poor old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. TIZ is grand. TIZ instantly draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, aching, perspiring feet.

TIZ is a welcome addition to the soldier's parcel at the Front.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get instant foot relief. Laugh at foot sufferers who complain. Because your feet are never, never going to bother or make you limp any more.

BEST BRITISH BICYCLES.
Write now for my Lists of Bicycle Bargains.—PREMIERS, HUMBERS, CENTAURS, SWIFTS, TRIUMPHS, ROVERS, RAGLANS, COURT ROYALS, &c. The cream of the Coventry makes from £5 cash (*Maker's price* £10 10s.) Easy payments to suit your own pocket. 10 days' approval. Money-saving lists and expert advice free from GEORGE KING, The Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.



Half shop price

"Pylitna"

A GENUINE CURE FOR PILES

Hæmorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies.

"PYLITNA" POWDERS

taken in warm milk or water are a genuine, effective cure.
Guaranteed harmless to the system.

Of all Chemists and Stores at 3/- per box, or post free from

"PYLITNA," 3, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

Vitadatio
THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

"BULLETS" THE IDEAL COMPETITION.

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

Closing Date, Thursday, April 19th.

No.

Example .....

Bullet

Example .....

Bullet

(233) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 233, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 19th.

No.

Example .....

Bullet

Example .....

Bullet

(233) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent

Closing Date, Thursday, April 19th.

No.

Example .....

Bullet

Example .....

Bullet

(233) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent

Signed .....

Address .....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 234. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 26th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **234** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 234**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 234.

BRITISH CONSTITUTION
ABOVE WATER
WORKING ON ALLOTMENT
TELLING SECRETS
FATHER'S KID

A PUT UP JOB
BITTER COMPLAINT
OUR OFFICE-BOY
GETTING THE NEEDLE
SUPPLYING MUNITIONS

STANDING JOKE
TURNING HER HEAD
RUDE AWAKENING
SIMPLE FARE
WHEN LOVERS QUARREL

SMALL HOLDINGS
TOMMY DISLIKES
UP TO SCRATCH
WITHOUT POTATOES
ALARMING THE KAISER

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 233.

STARS AND STRIPES
CONTINUING THE PUSH
PREMIUM BONDS
THE PROMISED LAND
CHASING SUBMARINES
LIVING ON WATER
AMERICA'S FLEET
MEN AND MONEY
POOR WORK
ACCORDING TO PLAN
GOING CHEAP
AMAZING RUMOUR
SPENDING TOO MUCH
PRETTY WISE
ON THE HONEYMOON
MOST CURIOUS
WIFE'S RELATIONS
IN FULL FLIGHT
KNOWING DOG
LAST KISS
THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME
WHEN FATHER DIGS
SHILLING LOAF
PEACE WITH HONOUR
RICH LIVING
A DARING DEED
GROWING CORN
HOARDING FOOD
SILLY BILLY
WHEN KAISER PRAYS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—

Example:—A DARING DEED.
Bullet:—HENPECK ARRIVES HOME LATE.

Example:—IN FULL FLIGHT.
Bullet:—TRAMP SEES DOG.

Example:—MOST CURIOUS.
Bullet:—TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 5th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated April 14th.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 230 APPEARS ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Complete List of all Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to

JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 230 h 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

FLORENCE DONALD,
Craigmount, Bridge of Weir, Scotland.

Example:—IN THE SPRING.
Bullet:—NATURE'S CALL TO COLOURS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. T. J. HARRY,
60, Crown Street, Morriston, Swansea.
Example:—GERMANY'S TROUBLES.
Bullet:—ARMY'S "YIELDING" NO SATISFACTION.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. T. D. EYNON,
1, Sea View Villa, Cadoxton, Barry, Glam.
Example:—DETERMINED TO WIN.
Bullet:—THE BOOKIES "BEST" CLIENTS.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. T. STONE, Moorlands Road, Malvern:
GERMANY'S TROUBLES—CLEAN 'LICKED" YET DIRTY.

Mr H. HUTCHINSON, 10, Queen's Avenue, Subway Street, Hessle Road, Hull:
BRITISH RACE—GERMANY KNOWS THEM "BETTER."

Mr M. HOUSE, 1st St James Barton, Bristol:
GERMANY'S TROUBLES—"SPREAD" BUT NO FAST.

Corpl. F. FITZPATRICK, c.o. Winters, 28, Oriel Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool:
NEAR NEIGHBOURS—HINDENBURG "MOVES" TO AVOID.
(Sent in on a Free Target Prize Coupon.)

Mr. J. FRASER, Cemetery Lodge, Ramsgate:
GERMANY'S TROUBLE—DISCOVERING HINDENBURG ISN'T BISMARCK.

Mrs. A. M. POWELL, "Brentbrook," Brent Street, Hendon, N.W. 4
GERMANY'S TROUBLES—"GATHERING" BECAUSE 'HEMMED IN."

L.-Cpl. D. G. ARTHUR, Brookfield House, Cwmdows, Newbridge, Mon:
GERMANY'S TROUBLES—"THROUGH" BELGIUM THEY STARTED.

Mr A. SILVESTER, Cathedral Hotel, Manchester:
THE KAISER'S PROMISE—"ALL" GERMANY DEPENDS ON.

Mr. FRED LAVELLE, 56, Emily Street, West Bromwich:
NEAR NEIGHBOURS—GERMANY'S TWO FRONTS SOON.

Mrs NAILAN, c.o. Mrs. Jones, The Villas, Primrose Hill, Hanford, Stoke-on-Trent:
MAKES FATHER SIT UP—MOTHER GETTING HIS POST

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. H. MOUNTAIN, 65, Hartley Avenue, Leeds:
DETERMINED TO WIN—"PUTTING DOWN" MORE SHIPS.

Mr. A. HASLAM, 07, Beacons, field Street, Hyson Green-Nottingham:
THE COMING PUSH—"MORE TRYING" THAN EVER.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon).

Mr. H. S. ELLIOTT, 39, Beach Avenue, Whitley Bay:
DETERMINED TO WIN—THE BEST STUNT—STINT.

Mr. W. A. SHACKLETON, 12, Deeside, Prom., West Kirby, Cheshire:
CAPITAL IDEA—FINDING PARTNER WITH IT.

Mr. L. A CHURCH, 47, Sussex Road, Tonbridge:
NEAR NEIGHBOURS—PESSIMISTS AND ARMCHAIRS.

Mr W. MARCHANT, Clough Bank, Altham, near Accrington:
MAKES TOMMY HAPPY—EXCHANGING UNDERGROUND FOR OVERLAND.

Miss H. E. ILES, care of Raysfield Farm, Chipping Sudbury, near Bristol:
AT DINNER HALL—"ASYLUM" PROVIDED BY LUNATICS.

Mr. J. R. McCANN, 348, Dumbarton Road, Partick, Glasgow:
THE COMING PUSH—NEW "HAMLETS" EVERY "STAGE."

Mr. T. H. YARE, 40, Lord Nelson Street, South Shields:
THE KAISER'S PROMISE—"ALLIES DEFEAT" HIS AMBITION.

Pte. J. REID, Cromer, Norfolk
THE COMING PUSH—MOTOR CANOE DOESN'T ILLUSTRATE.

SPECIAL GIFT
TO OUR REGULAR READERS

STANDARD MODEL, price 2s. 9d., with Gift Coupon, 1s. 9d. Postage 2d.
DE LUXE MODEL price 3s. 9d., with Gift Coupon, 2s. 9d. Postage 2d.
SAFETY MODEL, price 5s., with Gift Coupon, 4s. Postage 2d.
PRESENTATION MODEL (De Luxe G.M.), price 5s., with Gift Coupon, 4s. Postage 2d.
STYLO, price 3s., with Gift Coupon, 2s. Postage 2d

GIFT COUPON.
1/- VALUE 1/-

As a special concession to readers who have placed an order for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL—or who do so before May 31—we are presenting them with this gift coupon, which will be accepted by our Pen Department as 1/- in part payment of one of our famous JOHN BULL PENS.

Newsagents' Name.....

Address.....

.....

Available to May 31, 1917.

Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each pen.
If you use the above coupon you will avoid the necessity of collecting 13 weekly coupons.

ADDRESS,
JOHN BULL PEN DEPT.,
93, LONG ACRE. W.C.2.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing on THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication at head office of publication will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

AUSTIN MAGGS, 208, Fishponds Road, Eastville, Bristol. March 17. A584,967.

PETER DEANS, 6, Crossflat Crescent, Paisley. March 3rd. 194,510.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 7th:—

024,906	316,289	621,501	948,151	A248,131
0[illegible]2	351,662	659,778	976,916	A276,044
033,581	399,212	664,420	A039,333	A299,567
104,995	421,749	697,542	A052,558	A317,465
148,480	447,385	728,988	A084,990	A352,306
1[illegible]8,308	485,561	773,377	A115,107	A384,178
236,115	510,792	800,850	A127,378	A431,674
2[illegible]0,749	532,411	832,224	A168,522	A486,587
292,075	556,920	891,786	A235,446	A507,963
306,257	578,476	929,108	A242,784	A548,486

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published April 18th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for April 7, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 287,412 and A440,116. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

The full conditions governing this scheme are published in previous editions of JOHN BULL, *and will appear in future in the first issue of each month.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	**£200**
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled	**£100**
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	**£350**
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to ...	**£25**
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	**£10**

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY.

You may if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.
Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.
Signed .....
April 14, 1917. Address .....

NOTE. Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.
If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form below, and forward it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT. JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day—
(Strike out one of these.)

April 14, 1917.

(a) Placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....Newsagent, of ..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

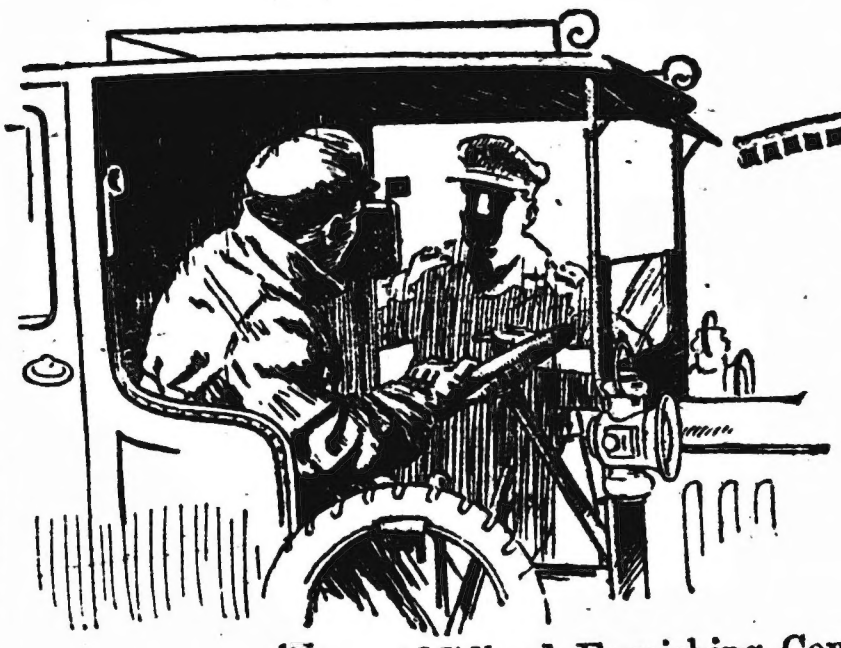
.....OR.....

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week, from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....
Address .....
Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address of Home .....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.



I said just three words—

'Midland Furnishing Company,' I told the driver—and those three words must have saved me a good £10 note apiece. Anywhere else I should have had to pay a pretty stiff price for such splendidly made furniture. But

Money buys more at the 'Midland.'

Compare the 'Midland' prices for the very finest furniture obtainable—perfect in every detail of construction and material—with what you would be charged elsewhere. You'll see for yourself how much you save by going to the 'Midland.' They give 2/- in the £ discount for cash too; and if you want to pay out of income, they don't charge a penny piece for interest, or any extras whatsoever.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin & Bombardment Insurance.

10% Discount for Cash.

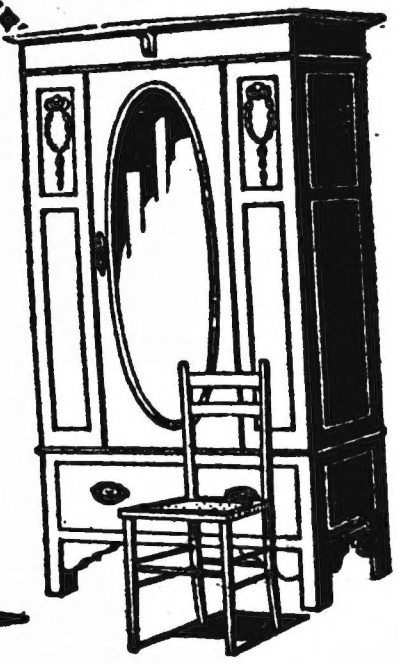
Send a postcard to-day for the MIDLAND BOOK OF FURNITURE.

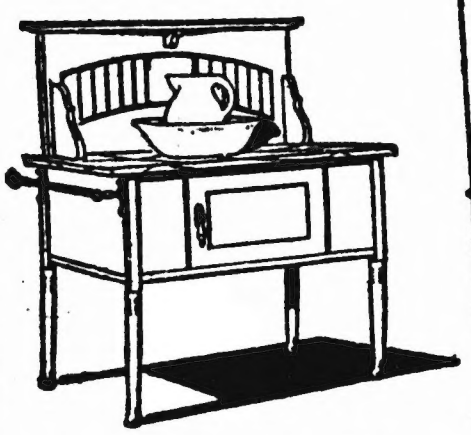
Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Rail Fares Paid

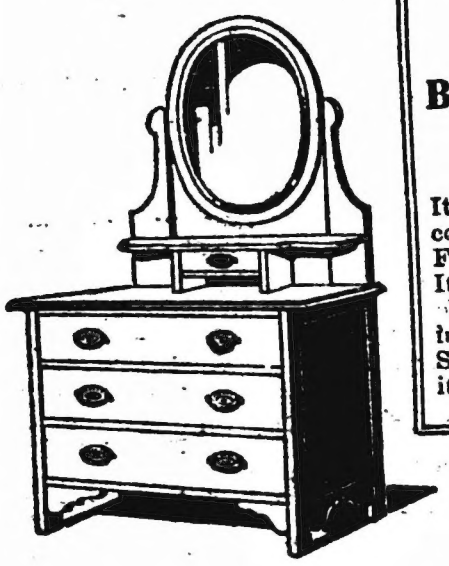
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.





Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture TO-DAY.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.



Bedroom Suite.

Handsome Bedroom Suite in Fumed Oak, comprising 3 ft. Wardrobe with oval bevelled mirror in door; Dressing Table, with bevelled swing mirror and 3 commodious drawers; Washstand, with marble top and tiled back, and Chair.

£14 14s. 0d.

10% Discount for Cash.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country)

Worth	Per Month
£10...	£0 5 6
20...	0 11 0
30...	0 16 6
40...	1 2 0
50...	1 7 6
100...	2 15 0
200...	5 10 0
500 ..	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

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